

## THE ISSUES

## BEFORE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

By JOHN BRISBEN WALKER

THERE are to-day in the United States but two political divisions—"ANTI-GRAFT" and "GRAFT"—those who believe in legislating and administering the government for the whole people; those who through a long series of years have cunningly devised schemes for using the government for the purpose of private and corporate gain, and who are determined to continue so doing.

In this new alignment the parties of the past seem to have disappeared into thin air. On the one side we have to-day Roosevelt, Republican; Folk, Democrat; La Follette, Republican; Douglas, Democrat, et cetera. On the other, we have the Aldriches of the Republican side, and the Gormans of the Democratic side. Behind Roosevelt, Folk, La Follette and Douglas stand more than two-thirds of the Republican party, and two-thirds of the Democracy. Behind the Aldriches and Gormans is a complicated "machine," and the backing of all the great interests which have been benefiting by the legislation directed by these men.

It is a curious situation, such as has never before been witnessed in American politics. It arises in considerable measure from new conditions, the chief of these being the work done by the ten millions of ten-cent magazines sent out each month—periodicals in a position to be independent and employing the ablest brains of the world to present the side of THE RIGHT—conditions brought about by ten millions of arguments penetrating each month, not merely into the cities, but into the towns and hamlets, and into the farm homes of the country; producing a great mass of conviction, and bringing about a homogeneous view of graft and corruption.

This is proved by the casting of nearly seven hundred thousand votes at the same election for a Republican president and on the same ballot for Democratic state officials. It is an independent vote that is growing with every article which appears in the independent press, a discriminating vote that gives sure promise of eventually carrying out the highest ideals of government for the people.

For more than two years those who knew the radically antagonistic divisions—the Graft and Anti-graft sections of the old parties—have recognized that a new alignment was certain to come. It is interesting, therefore, to consider what will be the principles of this new party which shall unite the forces of the REPUBLIC against Graft. Certainly, they will not be based as of old upon a few expedients—a few seemingly popular ideas.

Opportunism can have no place in such a party. Its ultimate success must be based on Truth. Why not, therefore, take as a groundwork all those things in government which among disinterested men are believed to be fundamentally right?

Let us make a brief analysis of what these would be.

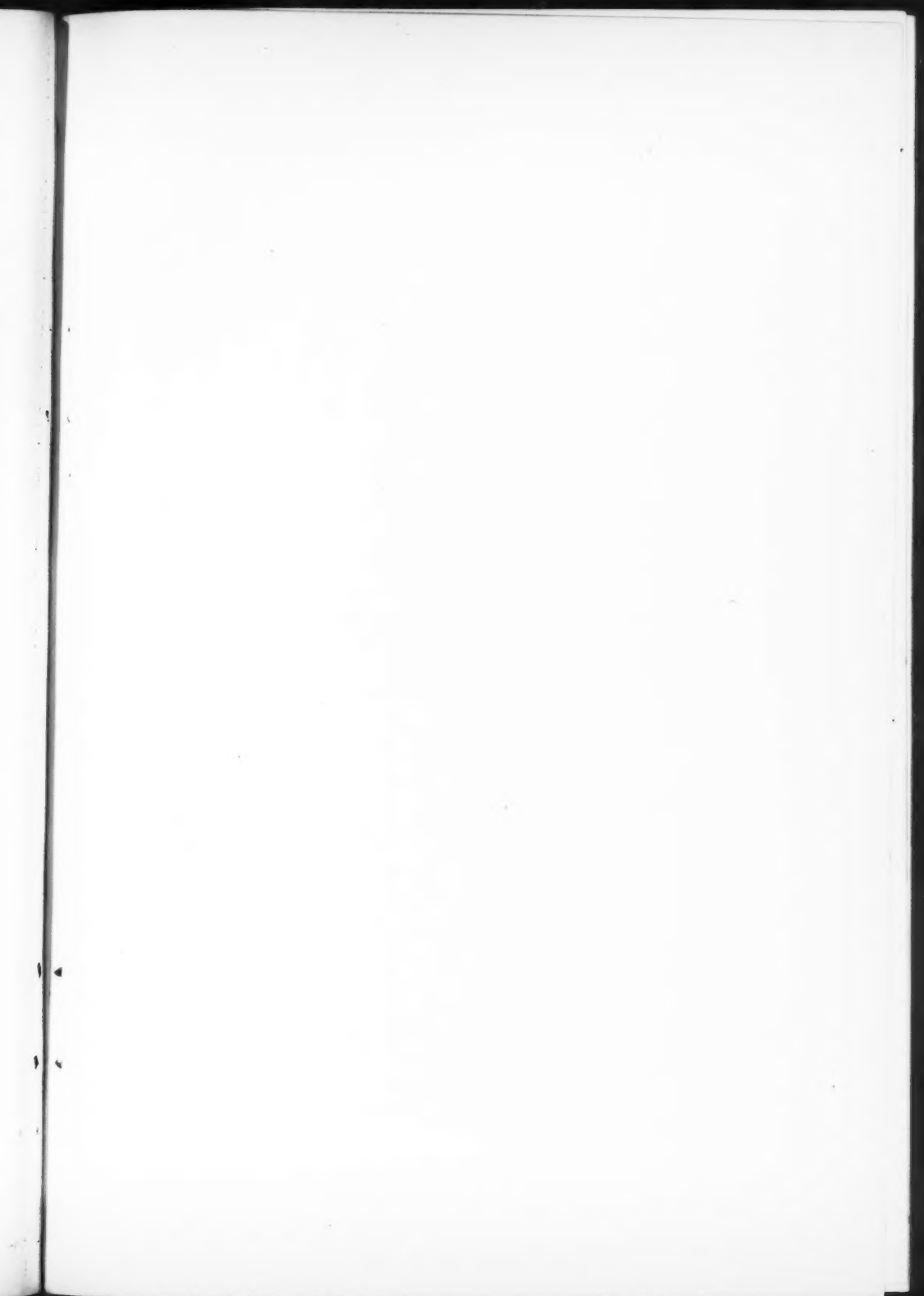
- I. The destruction of Graft in all its forms in both governmental and business life.
- II. A ballot hedged by penal law so that the bribery of voters shall become dangerous: Legislation so surrounded by publicity and punishment for malfeasance that the laws shall be made in the interests of the people.
- III. As a first aid to the accomplishment of this condition of affairs the adoption of the Referendum—the referring of important legislation to the

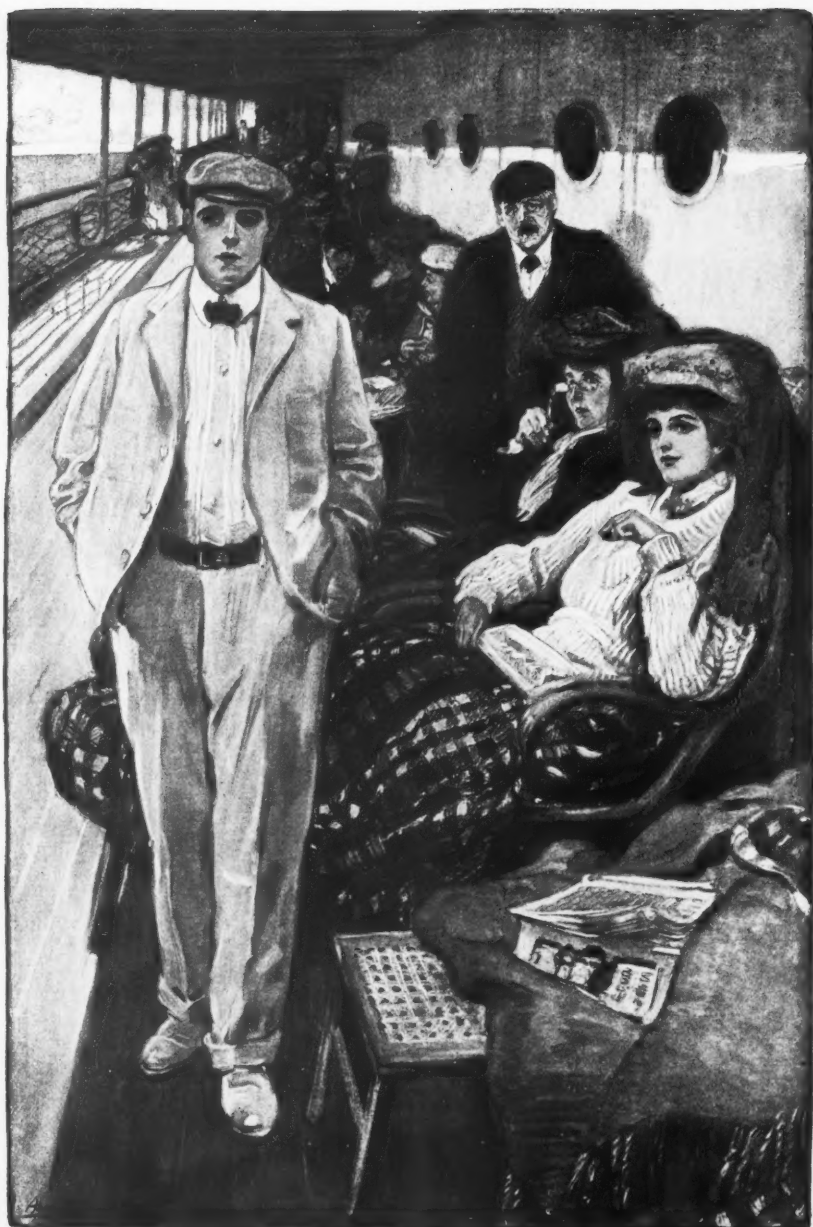
## THE ISSUES BEFORE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

direct vote of the people; the referring to them of the recall from office of bad men; permitting the people to initiate important legislation by petition.

- IV. A national Incorporation Law with provisions for the fullest publicity; and safeguards against deceptions in over-capitalizations.
- V. Control of interstate transit, prevention of rebates and all methods which are unfair or which discriminate against the average merchant or producer.
- VI. Legislation which shall make impossible that control of the necessities of life which results in exorbitant prices.
- VII. City control of water, light and the transportation of passengers.
- VIII. The regulation of the liquor traffic so that there will be no class interested in debauching youth; no class seeking to debase legislation in the interest of debauchery.
- IX. The prevention of the adulterations of food and medicine, and public misrepresentation of facts essential to fair dealing.
- X. The continued control by the government of the issue of money and of the banking business.
- XI. The compulsory education of youth—national aid to those states where a large number of illiterates remain to be cared for.
- XII. The prevention of child labor.
- XIII. Rural Free Delivery Service, in order that the utmost encouragement may be given to those who cultivate the soil.
- XIV. A Postal Parcel system which will give to the manufacturers and merchants of America advantages for conducting the commerce of this country equal to those of the most advanced European nations.
- XV. A persistent building of good roads in order that there shall be eliminated the five hundred millions of loss by the producers of the United States now incurred annually through bad roads.
- XVI. Equal rights before the law for all—men and women.
- XVII. The distinct definition that the functions of government shall embrace all those things which the government can do better than the individual.
- XVIII. The control of the insurance companies by wise national regulations, similar to those which have differentiated the national banking methods of to-day from the wildcat banks of earlier periods.
- XIX. Old Age Insurance by the government: Giving the worker a dignified protection after his usefulness has passed, instead of the present work-house and charity methods.
- XX. With reference to Protection and Reciprocity: The manufacturer of shoes in Canton by labor paid six dollars a month is but a suggestion of what Asia has in store for us. Those who recognize these conditions believe that our scheme of prosperity must be one of good distribution—that is, equitable distribution, through wages. Our welfare must be worked out upon a scheme that concerns the people of the United States, and does not contemplate exportation to peoples who can manufacture at a cost which in comparison with ours is absurdly low.
- XXI. Just Taxation: The principle that all property shall be taxed once; each paying its fair share of the total taxation without favoritism, and without discrimination; secondly, that no property can be taxed more than once.
- XXII. The evolution of our Civil Service by such wise provisions as will enable it to meet its increasing responsibilities without the creation of a class which will overshadow the popular will at the polls.

The reader may stop at one or the other of these paragraphs and question its wisdom. If so, let him ask himself: "Would this measure be in the interest of the people, or in the interest of a class?"





*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"THE GIRL, FOR HER PART, HALF TURNED TO FOLLOW HIM WITH HER EYES  
DOWN THE LONG PROMENADE-DECK "

(See "The Rescue," page 347)



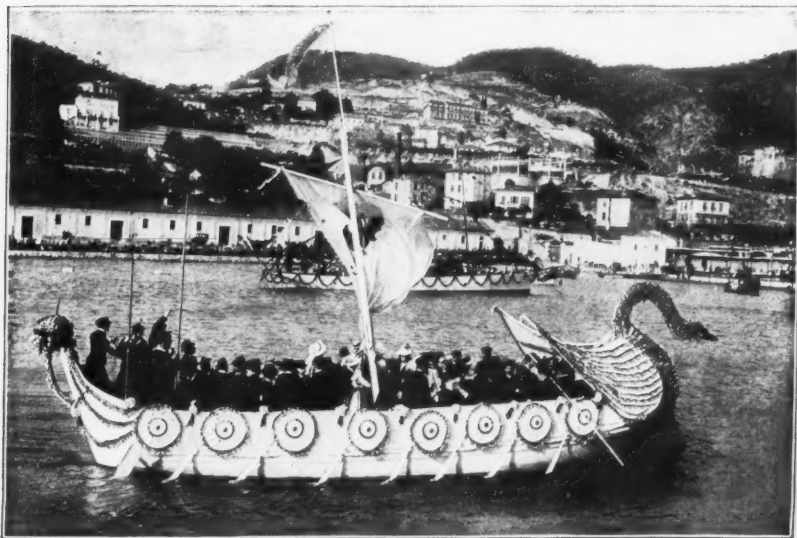
# THE COSMOPOLITAN

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs*

VOL. XXXVIII

MARCH, 1905

No. 5



THE CARNIVAL AT VILLEFRANCHE

Yawl of the French Battle-ship "Charlemagne" in War-trim for the Aquatic Floral Battle

## KING CARNIVAL IN FRANCE AND ITALY

By HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

"CARNIVAL is dead! Carnival is dead!"

Such is the solemn midnight cry that echoes through the Roman Corso as the last colored fires of Mardi Gras burn low, and tired merry-makers join hands once again in the last circling dance. For presently, in measured tones, the Patarina of the Capitol will toll the funeral-knell; the music will cease suddenly; the masks be taken off, and the whole city turn from revel to repentance in the twinkling of an eye. If we can trust appearances, neither the pleasure nor the pen-



CONFETTI COMBATANTS IN THE PLACE MASSÉNA, NICE

ance has any longer a very deep significance. But for all this, the Latins dearly love a holiday, as no one who has passed Shrove Tuesday in any large peninsular town will question.

It is true, no doubt, that Carnival, that rollicking hunchbacked deity who once had power to set all Italy laughing as one man, may be invoked no more. Venice has forgotten him long ago, and Florence, ever a Carmelite at heart, grows more indifferent year by year. In Rome there is no sporting pontiff such as Paul II on the balcony of the Palazzo di Venezia to watch



THE "EMPEROR OF THE SAHARA" BEFORE HIS PALACE IN THE PLACE MASSÉNA, NICE

the rush of riderless Barberi through the crowded streets. And pious Clement, were he in the Vatican to-day, would not find it necessary to retire to the Convent of St. Sabina in order to avoid the sights and sounds which even his high authority was powerless to restrain. But there are still nimble hands enough to throw confetti with an all

too accurate aim in every town in Italy, and eyes that know the value of a mask, and above all there is still the national spirit of pure mischief which is destined to survive an even more material age than ours.

So, granting that the modern carnival is at its best but a dim reflection of its former self, it remains an institution to all appearances very much alive indeed. This is especially true along the Mediterranean shore, where strangers most do congregate, and competing cities vie with one another in setting forth attractive programs. Naples, Mentone, San Remo, Nice—the latter Italian still in thought and expression as well as patois—all advertise their lists of carnival novelties like so many rival circuses, though, whatever the place, the forms of entertainment vary but little. It would be strange indeed if, after so many centuries, a new diversion should suddenly be added to the time-honored list which fills the last three days preceding Lent to overflowing.

Of course, all shops are closed—that is to say, all shops which deal in mere utilities. And of course, the houses great and small are decorated—not with the primary hues of patriotism, for Italy is All Men's Country—but with bright flowers and gay rosettes and the many-colored rugs of which the



DECORATED VICTORIA IN THE NICE CARNIVAL



HIS MAJESTY CARNIVAL XXIX IN THE PARADE AT NICE



AN ENTRY IN THE FLORAL PROCESSION

Italian understands the artistic value so well. And the people, as in Cæsar's day, put on their best attire and pour into the streets prepared for anything and everything but to be bored. There is an infection of anticipation in the very atmosphere, and one catches oneself laughing for no other reason than to be in practice when something to laugh at really happens. And once the March sun has fairly gained its strength, there will not be long to wait.

Sounds are heard approaching from the winding streets of the older town, but all directed toward the modern esplanade with its fringe of palms and the azure sea beyond—sounds faint at first but growing every moment louder, snatches of song, the tinkle of guitar and mandolin, accompanied by all manner of outlandish instruments; and then in a moment the whole world has gone mad. The maskers seem to come from everywhere at once; they seem to start up from the earth, in twos and threes and companies, giants and dwarfs, monkeys and bears, doctors and dandies, of every age and clime, Punches and Judies, Columbines and Harlequins, all capering, laughing, screaming, singing and cracking jokes. And their ingenuity is fiendish. Grotesque bands of soldiers perform unheard-of evolutions. Staid clerks play at leap-frog. Prim nursemaids engage in mortal combats, using tender babes as weapons of offense.

Meanwhile the confetti-sellers have made their appearance, and do a rousing trade until everybody is supplied with a capacious pouch containing five or ten or twenty pounds. And then the fun begins in earnest. Rough and tumble, give and take, shower for shower, blow for blow, the more conservative the victim the more relentless the attack, and heaven help the citizen who cannot keep his temper, or the lady old or young who does not accept her share of pelting with a good grace.

There was once an estimable countess who one day when carnival was at its height drove out along the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. In order to preserve her dignity and at the same time see the fun, she kept the windows of her brougham closed. Alas! the windows lowered easily from without, the brougham was deep, and in less than thirty



"HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY JACQUES I OF THE SAHARA" PASSING THE CASINO AT NICE

seconds its occupant found herself so deeply buried in confetti that she resembled nothing so much as a very pretty doll securely packed for transportation.

An American bishop was treated with much greater respect. The throng, in assumed deference to his cloth, formed two and two behind him—ragamuffins, both male and female, of the most outrageous description—and escorted him in solemn silence wherever he was pleased to go, which happened to be no farther than the friendly refuge of the nearest hostelry.

One afternoon of carnival is always set apart for a much less boisterous form of entertainment, the Fête of Flowers, during which no missiles are permitted more formidable than the small hard nosegays sold by thousands at every corner. This feature of the program opens with a long parade of carriages, cabs, and other vehicles, all

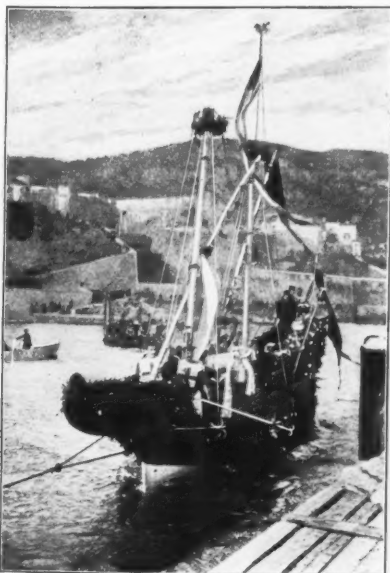


WELL PROTECTED FOR THE BATTLE OF THE FLOWERS

profusely, and often most artistically, decorated with every flower and blossoming shrub that the prodigal Italian spring affords—the scarlet of the anemone from the rocky hillside above the town, the blue of the hyacinth from the olive-orchards, the pink of the camellia from some prince's garden, the color of each flower adroitly repeated in shimmering draperies. On this day the foreign colony takes a prominent part in the festivities, contributing many a gay equipage and bevy of laughing faces to the brightness of the scene. English, French, American and Russian put aside their prejudices to frolic for an hour or two on this the common playground of the world.

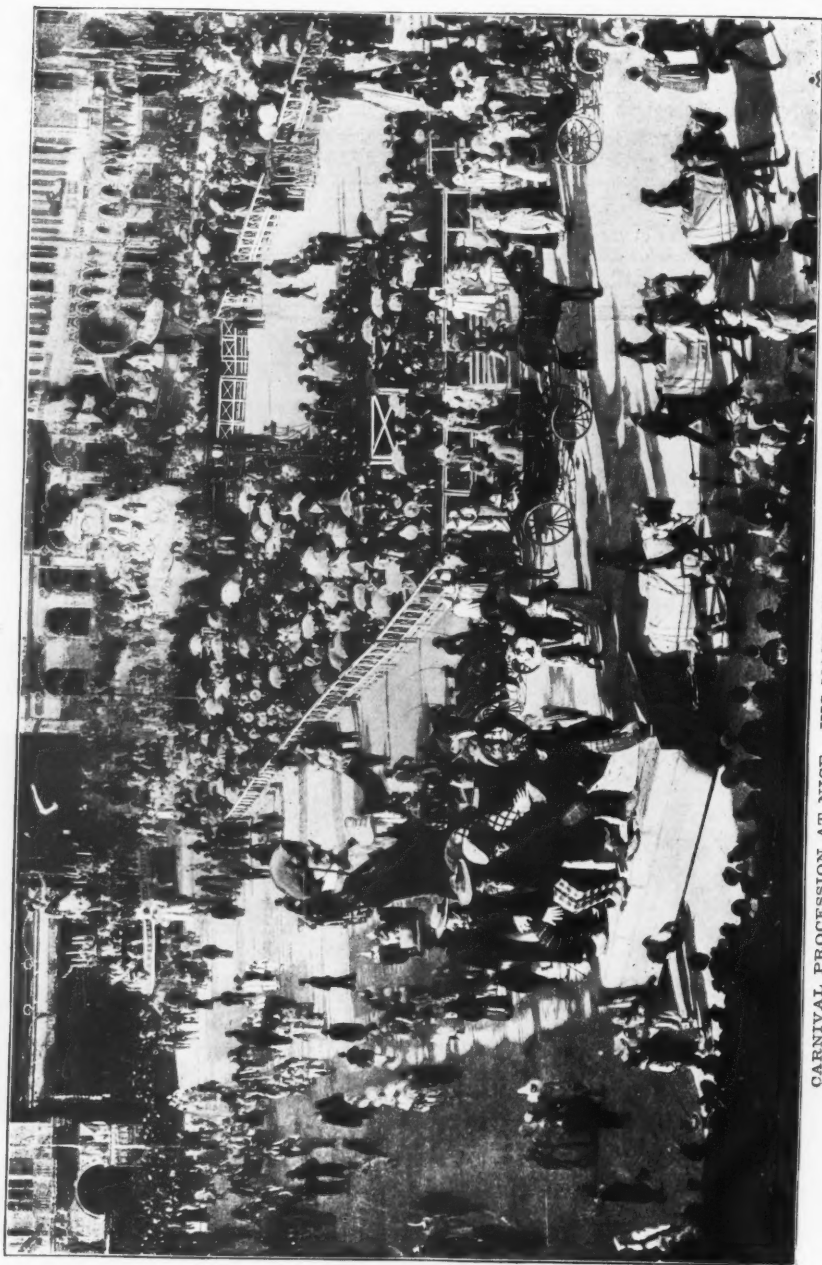
Up and down they pass along some sunny stretch of the old Corniche Road or modern esplanade, with the blue Mediterranean on one hand and the amethystine hills of Italy rising on the other, laughing and shouting and exchanging fusillades as though all national differences were being settled then and there with roses, violets and mignonette. When the projectiles overshoot the mark, the throng upon the sidewalk pick them up and keep the ball a-rolling. Windows and balconies are bombarded and return the fire valiantly. Every garden is an ambushade and every pretty hat a target.

A noble Muscovite seated in solitary state in a landau draped with wistaria rises to hurl his choicest bunch of



AN ENTRY IN THE WATER-FESTIVAL AT VILLEFRANCHE





CARNIVAL PROCESSION AT NICE, HIS MAJESTY CARNIVAL XXVIII IN THE PROCESSION



hothouse gardenias toward two Yankee girls who glide past in a bower of white lilac. But his fond token is captured in mid-air by a preposterous ballet-dancer in a hempen wig. Milord in monocle receives a tribute from a Spanish beauty who has evidently a cultivated eye for shining marks; a stately English matron is aroused to action by some well-directed floral compliments of omnipresent Pierrot. And so the nonsense flows on, till lengthening shadows and the pealing of the angelus from hillside campaniles give warning that it is time to dress for dinners and theaters and masquerades, and all the other pleasant things that Carnival may have in store.

Another most important feature of the season is the grand parade of floats and cars, often marvels of ingenious and charming decoration, and filled with men and women dressed to represent some episode in history, allegorical story, or satire on the follies of the day. But it is noticeable that all political allusions and jokes that might be possible causes of offense to any spectator are most carefully avoided.

Between the cars are open carriages



A BIT OF THE FLORAL PARADE

unnumbered, all filled with snow-white Pierrots and white dominoes. Even the horses are draped in white cotton robes as a protection against the showers of confetti—which is permitted on this



THE NAVAL PROCESSION AT VILLEFRANCHE



CAR REPRESENTING A FÊTE IN THE DESERT

occasion to be used without restraint. And the confetti is not always the harmless little disks of paper of our Christmas parties, but plaster pellets hard as bird-shot and capable of inflicting damage to the temper if one is not protected by a wire mask. As the procession moves at a slow pace, contesting every step with the crowds on foot, a furious battle rages. Every man's hand is against the hand of every other man.

Everybody throws everything at everybody else. Sugar-plums, flowers, wreaths and garlands, hats and gloves, and all manner of flying toys and paper boomerangs fill the air in reckless profusion, and with so little interference on the part of the authorities that one quite understands why carnivals are not permitted in St. Petersburg.

In many seaports there is an attempt to recall the fabled glories of Venice in

her prime, but this is almost too great a tax on the imagination. The "tideless dolorous midland sea" itself appears to resent the fraud and refuses to become a party to it. She knows that the improvised gondolas hide no whispering lovers, but smart white-coated stewards from a yacht, and shakes them up accordingly. She suspects that the barges conceal dynamos capable of twenty knots an hour, and puts them to the test with a sirocco.



"BASKET" OR "SHOE" BARGE IN THE WATER PARADE AT VILLEFRANCHE

If the brilliancy of the modern carnival is dimmed, at least the Lenten gloom is lightened as well. "Carne vale"—"farewell meat"—was Byron's very simple and satisfactory, if philologically impossible, interpretation of the word; a temporary farewell to fleshly pleasure was the true significance, dating from heathen days. For the old Romans loved strong contrasts and could fast as well as feast to propitiate their deities. It is a far cry from the pastoral beginning, when, if we are to believe all that we are told, the shepherds, dressed in the skins of freshly slain goats, danced in honor of Lupercus to curry favor with the faun-god who specially cared for flocks, to the mad merriment of the later pagan Saturnalia.

And, indeed, it was a great leap from thence to the carnival of the Borgias, of plot and counterplot, of daggers flashing under velvet dominoes, and poison dropped in golden goblets of Falernian wine. Matched with Florentine practical pleasantries, the binding of posies to the hubs of English-made landaus may seem a trifle tame. But

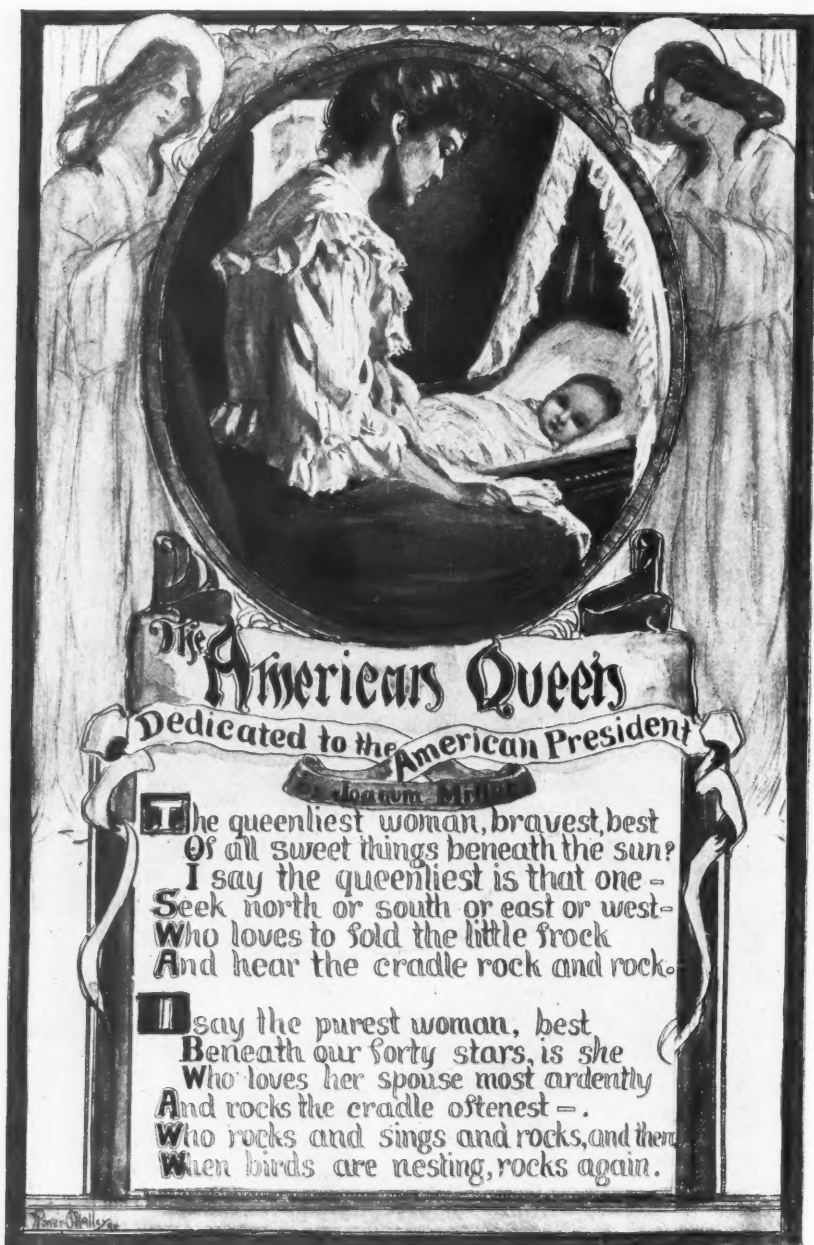


A COACH IN THE FLORAL PARADE

for all that, the world has not yet come to an end of either folly or repentance, and no doubt posterity will in its own way have a fling at nonsense, and after its own fashion light the penitential taper when Carnival is dead.



DECORATED AUTO-BOAT OF THE CRUISER "DU CHAYLE," AT VILLEFRANCHE



## The American Queen

Dedicated to the American President

**T**he queenliest woman, bravest, best  
Of all sweet things beneath the sun?  
I say the queenliest is that one -  
Seek north or south or east or west -  
Who loves to fold the little frock  
And hear the cradle rock and rock.

**I** say the purest woman, best  
Beneath our forty stars, is she  
Who loves her spouse most ardently  
And rocks the cradle oftener -  
Who rocks and sings and rocks, and then  
When birds are nesting, rocks again.



HYDE PARK CORNER. LONDON

The home of Baron Nathan Rothschild is the second house looking down Piccadilly

## THE EMPIRE OF ROTHSCHILD

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

THE house of Rothschild has sent two of its scions to learn banking and finance as they are practised in America. These representatives of the generation that will in a few years control the destiny of the house have come with no ostentation either of secrecy or of publicity. They are working as clerks in the offices of the New York firm which is, and for more than forty years has been, the Rothschild agent in America. But that this is an advent of extraordinary significance to American finance and industry, and therefore to all America, is shown by a glance at the history of this mighty European "first-class power"—at its principles, methods and purposes, and at its power.

In the whole world there are only a few names that are synonyms for great and real power. Whoever happens to be President of the United States is, in a restricted sense, powerful; but he has no real power—no ability to impose his personal will arbitrarily upon his fellow men. If he should show that he thought he was thus invested, he would speedily be impeached or locked up as a lunatic. The family that has been royal in England since one of its scions married Victoria Azon, granddaughter of George III, would soon find itself back in

Germany if its head forgot the sugar-coated but solid fact that he is little more than a puppet-king. And so one might go on through the list of persons and families that catch the eye in a world-survey.

In three of the continents—Africa, South America and the Australian—there is no family, there is no individual, that can be called a real power in this great sense of the irresponsible and the inalienable. Asia might possibly put forward the ruling family of China and the ruling family of Japan; but it is a question whether the claims in either case ought to be allowed. In China and in Japan, as in Persia, Afghanistan, Tibet and Siam, there are many rigid limitations, both internal and external, upon the reigning family or reigning family-councils. In Europe, there is the sultan, the "sick man of the Bosphorus." There are the Germans who go under the name of Romanof and supply Russia with czars—but the throne of the Great White Czar is shaky just now, and it is with an uneasy feeling that the grand dukes or High Priest Pobiedonostseff issue autocratic ukases through the feeble Nicholas; also, the great financiers of Europe have to be consulted, and with manners strangely

courtier-like for possessors of absolute power. There are the Hohenzollerns—perhaps on no other throne in the world is there a man who comes nearer to ruling personally than William, thanks to the weapon which Bismarck forged and put into the custody of the Hohenzollern family. There are many restrictions upon William's autocracy, but nevertheless he seems able to disregard the most galling of these with impunity.

Two more names—only two in all the world: Rockefeller and Rothschild. Rockefeller, with one hand strong upon the finances of America and the other hand strong upon its industries, seems to be the personal possessor of more actual power of the real and great kind than any other individual. He may not use this power; he may not know how to use it; but the chief restraints upon his free use of it are not in the powers of other men or of the laws, but in his own character. Then there is Rothschild—the name of a family, not of an individual. But though the Rothschilds are many, they act as one. "Remain united to the end," the first great financier of the family urged his children when he was dying. That was nearly a century ago, and there are many scores of Rothschilds to-day scattered over all Europe; but they still obey that counsel. He or she who disobeys it is

cast out relentlessly—ceases to be a Rothschild of Rothschild.

When Rockefeller passes away, his power will probably pass also. It is like the power of Napoleon, dependent upon factors that are purely personal—individual tenacity and judgment and courage.

Rothschilds come and Rothschilds go; Rothschild remains. The name has already stood for power longer than any other name in Europe except Romanof. And, very probably, when Romanof

and Hohenzollern have joined Bourbon in exile, or English Saxe-Coburg and Italian Savoy and Austrian Hapsburg in puppetship, Rothschild will rule on in power or in the potentiality of power. Only the overthrow of private property rights, the foundation of the social order, could overthrow the empire of Rothschild.

Finance and those who directed it have always played a larger, more



BARON A. ROTHSCHILD

important part in history than the historians, theorists and sentimentalists and fustian-flaunters that they are, have permitted the mass of men to see. Finance, at the basis of the industrial life, the strongest force in shaping individual destiny and character, has also been the strongest force in national life. And, while in former times the princes and politicians could to a certain extent put themselves in funds for their expensive amusements of war and misgovernment





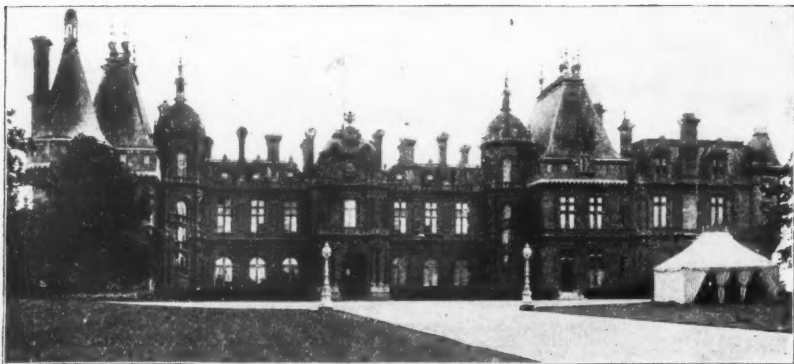
WADDESDON MANOR. BUCKS. ENGLAND

Country home of the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. The garden front

by such simple methods as sending the torturer or executioner to force rich Jews to "disgorge," those methods could be employed only sparingly and at rare intervals. Even the chuckleheads and rascals who have had the largest say in the management of human affairs in the past were forced to see that the best way to get golden eggs was to treat with consideration the geese that laid them. Thus, finance has always been important, both as servant and as master. To-day—ours is the age of the financier. Priest and prince and politician are giving way to plutocrat. And the Rothschilds were the first to profit by the new era, the first to take advantage of the new developments and establish themselves in the new all-including empire with boundary-lines only at the limits of the reach of railway and steamship and telegraph. There are forces more powerful than finance—passions, prejudices, sentiments and sentimentalities. Religion and patriotism and pride of race or family are more powerful, when roused in some crisis. But finance prevails over all these because it rules

day and night, week in and week out, year in and year out, while the others start up in irresistible strength only at long intervals and for brief periods; when they subside, finance resumes its undivided sway.

Out of the mighty upheaval which inaugurated this era of capital or capitalism or plutocracy—the upheaval that takes its name from France because there its paroxysms began and were most violent—out of the eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century convulsion of revolution, arose two powers, Napoleon and Rothschild. Each was faced with the same problem—how to maintain himself and make permanent his line, when the very foundation principle of the new era was the principle of impermanence, of democracy, of the first place to him that can win it. Napoleon failed to solve the problem—perhaps for him it was unsolvable. Rothschild succeeded—because, in addition to capacity and far-sightedness, he had the advantages of being a Jew and of being a prince of the very kingdom that the new era was to make predominant—



NORTH FRONT OF WADDESDON MANOR

a prince of the kingdom of finance. The Rothschilds are no longer the only sovereign family in that kingdom; but they are still sovereigns, having actually the potentiality of more greatness and power than ever. They are less conspicuous than they were in former times because the world has got used to them and because they are no longer alone.

urging her to leave her dowdy and dirty surroundings and go to live in a palace. The whole world knew her name, was telling of the doings of children who owed life to her. But she was a plain soul, had no mind to try to get used to new surroundings and new people. She stayed on there until she died, going afoot to a cheap seat in some theater almost every

## I

In the Judengasse, or Jewish Lane, in Frankfort-on-the-Main, there was until well on toward the beginning of our civil war, an old house, neither more nor less attractive than its squalid neighbors. In this house, No. 152, lived an old, old woman, plain and primitive in her habits and dress. Very grand-looking people were always coming to see her, were always

THE HON. LIONEL WALTER ROTHSCHILD  
OF THE LONDON BRANCH

evening, with her old maid-companion beside her.

That woman was the wife of the first great Rothschild, the mother of the greatest Rothschild and of his brothers who helped him to establish the house in strength and power. Her name had been Gudula Schnappe, and, in 1770, she had married a certain Mayer Amschel, known as Rothschild (Redshield)

because his father had kept at 152 Judengasse a curiosity-shop with a red shield as its distinguishing sign. Amschel's father had wished him to become a rabbi, but his tastes were too strongly mercantile. And even before his father's death he had developed the little old house of the red shield into a good deal of a bank and mercantile commission-house. Buying cotton goods in Lancashire and

distributing them in Germany was the best-paying part of his business, though the profits from what money-lending he did were not inconsiderable.

When the great upheaval began, Amschel of the Red Shield, described as "peasant" in the local official records, was ready for its opportunities. He had agents in England and in the principal cities of the Continent; he had a considerable capital; he had made valuable acquaintances among the petty-independent princelings who were as numerous in the disunited Germany of that day as are bosses in the United States to-day.

His hour struck in 1806, when Napoleon was about to invade Germany. Among the petty sovereigns whom Amschel of the Red Shield had impressed with his honesty and capacity, was the Landgrave of Hesse. He happened to have in cash about five million dollars, a vast sum in those days, equal in the bulk to at least five times what it repre-



BARON FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD  
of the Vienna branch. He died recently in England

sents in these days of many large accumulations of money and money-equivalents. No doubt, part of the five millions was what the landgrave had got for the Hessians he sold to George III for export to America as fertilizer of the famous "royal" brand. The landgrave saw his money about to pass to the war-chest of Bonaparte. He asked Amschel to come and take it and bear it away

in safety. Amschel transported it across the mountains on muleback, and so to Manchester, where his third son, Nathan Mayer, was established as his agent for the purchase of cotton goods.

This huge sum was, during the entire Napoleonic era, at the disposal of the Rothschilds for speculation. How they profited by it, is suggested in Nathan's boast that in one five years of that period he increased his own capital twenty-five hundred times! What his personal capital was, no one knows. The probabilities are that his father had given him for the London branch not less than one hundred thousand dollars.

The Rothschilds had the free use of the landgrave's five millions until Napoleon was dethroned. Then they offered to repay; the landgrave refused, even refused interest at five per cent.; finally he consented to two per cent. a year thenceforth, but would permit no back payments. Not until 1823, when Napoleon was dead and Europe apparently tranquil,

did the heirs of the landgrave take their money again. By that time it had become a modest and even obscure tenant of the vast and bulging treasury of the imperial family of the empire of finance.

For several reasons, this incident may be regarded as the cause of the upshooting of the Rothschilds into a house of power high above all the other financial houses of the time—so high that it was impossible for any other to build up equal to it. The money itself was one factor. That large sum in the hands of the combination of coolness, judgment and impetuous daring called Nathan Rothschild, when the prices of the safest stocks were varying wildly from day to day, when governments and mercantile houses were paying enormous interest for brief loans—such a sum in such hands at such a time meant vast wealth. But, more than this, the fact of the Rothschild skill and fidelity became

known through the landgrave's talk with his fellow sovereigns. When Napoleon abdicated at the command of the allied emperors, kings and princelings who had at last cornered him, when matters of large indemnities, of public loans and the like were to be adjusted, the landgrave's suggestion to his brother sovereigns that the house of Rothschild was the best agent met with immediate approval. And the house of Rothschild became bankers and financial agents to all the important

governments and sovereigns of Europe. Rothschilds had the same access to, and much the same influence in, royal closets that the "ghostly counselors" had had when the church was the power behind the throne.

At the final downfall of Napoleon, the house of Rothschild was tacitly recognized as one of the great powers of Europe. No large enterprise anywhere, from Russia to England; no move, whether of war or of peace, could be undertaken without its influence—and often it gave the deciding "advice."

Besides wealth, the house had two

advantages that were responsible for this power and prestige—advantages that still operate:

First, it was Jewish. Even where Jews were granted citizenship—and the instances were not numerous in the bigoted, caste-enslaved Europe of those days—they were not regarded as fellowcountrymen. In the minds of the princes and peoples of all the countries



BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD  
of the Paris branch, born 1792; died 1868

of Christendom, the Jew was a man apart, a natural alien. While this operated to his disadvantage in the relations that depended upon the country in which he lived, it was an enormous advantage in international relations. The medieval king trusted his Jewish physician when he would not trust a physician from among his own oppressed and restless people, because he believed the Jew was politically an indifferent, hating all Christians equally and caring not a rap which one he served so long as he was paid.

So the kings and other sovereigns, even down to the present day, fearful of domestic commotions, looked to the Jews in financial affairs, in the management and security of their private fortunes, because the Jew was regarded by them as international. And this house of Rothschild, having agencies in every great country in Europe, was—and is—international, above the perils of any commotion except a universal cataclysm. Under its internationally sovereign protection, the emperor or king or prince felt that if he had to fly the country upon which he and his family were feeding and fattening, he could live in luxury and plot a return with prospects of success, thanks to his accumulations cared for by the Rothschilds in other countries. And so he still feels. If, for example, grave trouble were brewing in Vienna, whether from domestic discontent or from foreign threats, the Rothschilds there would remove everything—they deal in portables and always have—to some perfectly tranquil place—to Paris, to London, or, if all Europe were embroiled, to America. They would realize upon what could not be removed, swiftly and with a minimum of loss, thanks to their perfect, all-embracing system, and they would be gone almost overnight. And though the Hapsburgs lost their throne, they would still have the bulk of their vast accumulations at the expense of the peoples of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

Second, the house of Rothschild was a nation within itself. This second advantage is in part the corollary of the first. For just because the Rothschilds were Jews, were they made into an independent nation. When they were rising, the Jew, being socially ostracized throughout Europe, was forced to retain that family loyalty which in the case of all other races has long since expanded into patriotism. But the Jew was not permitted to become a patriot. He had to content himself with two of the instincts of fellowship, the tribal and the family, and these naturally the more intense because the third instinct, the national, was ferociously denied him.

On Amschel Rothschild's death-bed, he gave his five sons and five daughters these counsels, one of them already quoted:

"Remain faithful to the law of Moses."

"Remain united to the end."

"Consult your mother."

"Look on our wealth as a perpetual family trust."

"Intermarry."

"Never brook disobedience."

Wealth—inherited wealth—is usually the source of family division and discord. This sagacious old man saw how, by developing the Jewish instinct of family patriotism deepened and strengthened by centuries of Christian refusal of fellowship, he could make the wealth of the family a source of union and strength. And in the midst of Europe, split into nations, the nations split into factions, the factions composed of far from harmonious individuals, each individual the center of a family waiting only for his death to dissolve into as many inharmonious elements as there were children—in the midst of this warring and wrangling chaos he established the house of Rothschild, a nation in itself, compact, patient, led by its shrewdest men, each individual seeking only the advantage of the house, any dissenting individual cast ruthlessly out.

Obviously, so long as the descendants of Amschel Rothschild continued to obey his principles, and so long as the nations of Europe continued to compel the Jew to be a universal alien, just so long would the power of the house of Rothschild grow, though the brains sustaining and wielding that power might be mediocre.

## II

But Amschel Rothschild was not succeeded by mediocrity. Each of his five sons developed superior ability. For they had two great advantages—their father's training and their environment. It is not necessary to dwell upon the former—the advantage of the teaching and example of a father who was kind, just, wise, tireless, living in perfect harmony and beautiful affection with a woman who admired him with all the appreciation of one good mind for another, who adored



him with all the energy of one loyal nature for another equally loyal. But the advantages of that environment, of Christian surrounding Jew and constantly insulting and stimulating him, might be neglected or entirely missed by many. For a weak or slothful nature, such an environment is almost as fatal as is the environment of peace and plenty, and no incitement to exertion, which it is the dream of most parents to create for their children. But for a strong nature, the environment with which Christian then surrounded Jew—and still surrounds him in Europe—was a source of strength. It aroused pride and righteous resentment; it fostered in the Jew impulses to become superior and so to make the contempt of Christians seem even more ridiculous and unjust than it was. Since hardship is nature's best environment for hardiness, what wonder that the Jewish

is the hardest race in Christendom? But of these five sons, one developed into a greater than his father—not, indeed, greater in character, but greater in ability at finance. Probably the world has not often seen so able a financier as was Nathan Mayer Rothschild, who until 1838 directed the house of which he was the head. When he was still hardly more than a boy, his father sent him to England to look into the unsatisfactory management of the English agents. Soon Nathan was estab-

lished as the London branch. To-day, after a hundred years, it is still the greatest English bank, the Bank of England in some respects excepted.

While this London branch was establishing, the Napoleonic era was at its height. England, therefore, being isolated from the Continent, was the natural place for the development of the towering ambitions of old Amschel Rothschild. It was not by accident that he sent his ablest son there as the man to found that branch and to be entrusted to speculate with the

millions of the Landgrave of Hesse.

It would be superfluous here to give a detailed account of Nathan Rothschild. As some one has observed, the whole of every man is revealed in even the smallest of his acts carefully examined. One act of this man's tells his story:

It was known to the whole world,

BARON LIONEL NATHAN ROTHSCHILD (1808-1879)

His name is associated with the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews in England

in May, 1815, that soon a great battle would be fought which would decide the fate of Napoleon and of Europe. In the uncertainty, values of properties of every kind—public funds especially, for that was before the day of the corporation as we know it—hung in the balances, about to soar or sink. What this meant to the Rothschilds may be imagined—they being huge investors in public funds, both on their own account and for their royal and princely and noble clients.





At that time they were enthroned in four corners of Europe—in the northwest, at London, where Nathan ruled directly and supervised the affairs of the whole house; in the north, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where his eldest brother Mayer was in charge, instead of his father, who had died three years before; in the west, at Paris, where James, the youngest brother, was fighting an up-hill battle against the hatred of Napoleon; in the east, at Vienna, where Salomon, the most courtly of the family, was the financial right hand of the Emperor of Austria. From these four centers they had cast out their lines and had spun a financial net which covered all Europe and had every important public treasury, except for the moment that of France, enmeshed. The Rothschilds had been supplying England with the money to subsidize the smaller Continental states which she was incessantly edging on against Napoleon; they had supplied the sovereigns of those states and of Austria and Russia with the money to supplement England's subsidies. In the abdication at Fontainebleau they had triumphed, and had ridden, though unseen, at the head of the triumphant procession of royalties and aristocracies. The Rothschilds had been compelled by their business to become allies of the enemies of Napoleon and uplifters of the draggling plumes of feudalism. They wished Napoleon to lose at Waterloo; but it was necessary for them to know.

From the beginning of the century they had had an elaborate and accurate system of news-gathering. It was the more accurate because they, though admitted to the closets of sovereigns, had no patriotic or partizan bias. They judged impartially; they reported to one another, and to Nathan in London, the facts uncolored by personal hopes or fears. Rothschild was their country; its red shield was the only patriotic device that thrilled them. So, the news of the musterings at Waterloo which came in upon Nathan at London was the exact truth. No man, no sovereign, no government in the world had such speedy and exact news as he.

But his reports as to what was about to happen in Belgium were most unsatisfactory. Not that they were inaccurate. They were only too accurate; they showed how evenly balanced the conflict was.

If Napoleon was about to win, the Rothschilds must in any circumstances lose a great deal; but, if they knew it in advance of the rest of the world, they could save themselves from ruin, could even in part rehabilitate themselves with the ruins of their defeated allies and of their less well-informed rival financiers, and might make terms with the conqueror. If, on the other hand, they and their allies were to win, they by knowing it first could aggrandize their own victory into a tremendous triumph.

Nathan decided that here was a crisis in which no agent, no one but himself, could or should be trusted. He secretly left London, crossed to Belgium, went to the camp of the Allies. The haughty soldiers had to tolerate him; but they treated him with contempt and even rudeness. A typical banker and money-lender of that day in appearance, as indifferent to insult from men he despised as he was to courtesy from them, he nosed about and got information. He did not share the supercilious confidence of these allies of his—little did they know how much they owed to him; for this was no war of patriotism but one of those wars in which the financier is the chief factor, the man who finds and supplies the funds for princes to play their favorite game.

It will be remembered that Wellington was defeated on the first day of the battle; that on the second day, in an all-day fight, he was steadily driven back. Late in the afternoon, the "Iron Duke" was despairingly facing the hopeless situation created in large measure by his own folly of overconfidence in providing no lines of retreat for the reformation of his battered, disheartened and broken army. Besides Nathan Rothschild, there were other messengers, representing all sorts of interests. They saw that Wellington was about to be cut to pieces; they left

the battle-field and scattered toward the great capitals east, west, north and south, with the news that the Corsican was triumphant. But Nathan Rothschild did not leave; it is not known whether his instinct of extreme caution detained him, or whether he had somehow got wind that Blücher was blundering and stumbling toward the field and might get there. At any rate, he did not leave until his own eyes saw the victorious but exhausted French flying in the gathering darkness before the fresh masses of Blücher's tardy army.

Nathan rode away toward Ostend, rode like a madman. More dead than alive, he sought a boatman to take him across the Channel. But it was storming and the wind was contrary. Boatmen refused to go. At last, he found one poor fellow in such straits that he said he would take the apparently hopeless risk, if the crazy man who was urging him would pay to his family five thousand francs. Rothschild paid it, and the boat set out. It lived through that stormy voyage. Landed on the English coast, he set out for London, driving at full speed.

Before him to London, indeed to all Europe, had gone the rumor that Wellington had been routed, that the Corsican was now more resplendent than he had been at any time since Friedland. Without pausing to change his dress or to eat, Nathan slouched into the stock exchange, shambling up to the pillar where he always stood, leaned there with drooped shoulders and with garments and face bearing the evidences of his perils and privations. He said not a word; he simply stood, a statue of defeat, disaster and despair. Every one knew that the Rothschild stake was on the Allies. That statue seemed to them to tell the whole story. They sold—sold frantically—English funds, the funds of all the Allies. And Nathan's agents, acting under orders which they themselves did not know the origin of, bought—bought—bought.

When Nathan shuffled away to get sleep, Rothschild was to finance what Napoleon would have been to politics had he won Waterloo.

### III

A solidarity of brains, directed by a genius—that sums up the house of Rothschild from Waterloo until 1836, when Nathan Rothschild died. It must be remembered, that was the part of the modern era before the development of steam and industry transferred the power from aristocracy to plutocracy, from caste to capital. The financier in all ages has simply used whatever happened to be in his time the instrument to power—the priest or the soldier or the aristocrat or the investing capitalist. It is to a great extent a matter of indifference to the financier what fetish or other device is chiefly employed in his time for gathering into masses the wealth that it is his function to manipulate.

In those days caste was the instrument still; and Rothschild manipulated caste. How rich did the house of Rothschild become? No one knows; probably not even the Rothschilds themselves. They have never admitted to their secret: any outsider, not even the outsiders who have married such of their women as did not marry cousins; it is doubtful if any one of the heads of the various houses knew—or now knows—the wealth of any other. They counsel together; they act as one; each gives to the support of any enterprise which has been resolved upon such capital as is apportioned as his share; but each remains independent, secretive. There is thus a double safeguard of secrecy.

After the comparatively few millions that will give a man an income adequate to any desire, or even whim, of personal luxury that his sane mind could conceive, the amount of wealth stated in figures means nothing. In our own country, at the present time, the fact that the richest man is also the ablest at business and finance has given undue importance to his wealth. People forget that a company of billionaires could be ruled autocratically by a man whose brain they were compelled to recognize as superior, even though he had only enough wealth of his own to clear him of the suspicion of being an "adventurer." Beyond question, the Rothschild family

has more wealth, many times more wealth, than any other family, the nominally boundless fortune of the autocratic Romanofs excepted. But, while their wealth is necessary to their power, their system is even more necessary—secrecy, solidarity, business first, last and all the time.

Throughout Christendom, the attitude of Christian toward Jew has operated to retard to an amazing degree in the case of the Jews the universal human tendency to decay and fall soon after full growth and flowering. The Rothschilds, by obeying the principles of old Amschel, have doubled this retarding process, have even prevailed against the disadvantage at which they have been since the social and political bars of Europe were lifted for them and they were invited to share in the fate of swift decay which Christian society imposes upon itself. Everything comes from the ground; and the farther away it gets from the ground, the nearer it is to the ground again. Like everything else, Rothschild came from the ground; but partly by the cruel kindness of Christian to Jew, chiefly by the artificial environment created by the family for itself, it has thus far almost succeeded in demonstrating that that which is farthest from the ground is not necessarily about abruptly to return there.

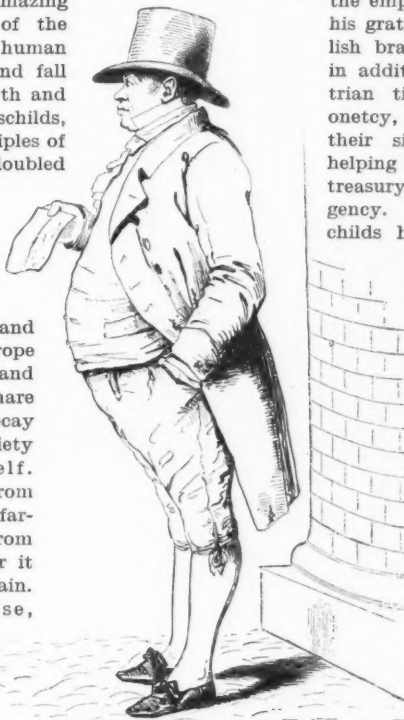
In 1822, the empire of Austria made all five of the sons of old Amschel barons—a remarkable proof of the might of the family, for in Austria the conferring of titles means that the man or family

recognized is a power; and in the case of a Jew or a Jewish family, it means that that which was almost incredible has come to pass. The Rothschild family keeps no family records, indeed no books of any kind containing information or hint of its great enterprises. So, it is not known, perhaps not even by the Rothschilds themselves in the present generation, for what enormous service

the emperor was showing his gratitude. The English branch of the family, in addition to their Austrian titles, have a baronetcy, in testimony of their signal services in helping out the British treasury in many an emergency. Further, Rothschilds have married into the French and into the English titled aristocracy, and also into the same caste in several minor European countries. They have partial or complete social recognition everywhere, except in Germany, over which they lost control when Bismarck consolidated the German states into an empire and, suspicious of the international Rothschilds, built up

the German-Jewish bankers of Berlin.

Thus, wherever the Rothschilds are seated in splendor and power, they have been and are beset by the most insidious of all temptations. So long as Nathan was alive, this temptation teased in vain. But with the removal of his strong hand, with the loss of his cold and cynical judgment, the family began to show that not even its precautions were adequate



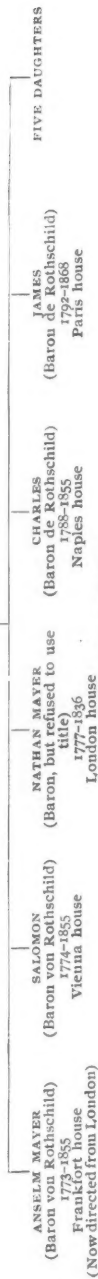
NATHAN MAYER ROTHSCHILD (1777-1836)  
Founder of the London house

## THE ROTHSCHILD GENEALOGY

Showing the subdivisions of the management of the house, its numerous intermarriages, and its external alliances with the nobility of various countries

AMSCHEL MOSES  
Died about 1755

MAYER AMSCHEL, 1743-1812  
Married Gudula Schuappe, 1770

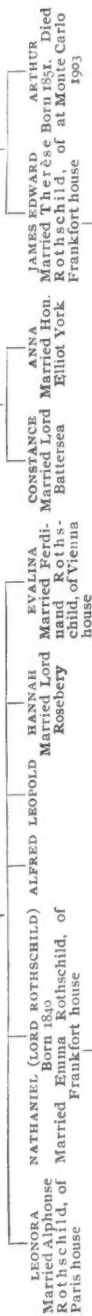


## LONDON BRANCH

NATHAN MAYER, 1777-1836

LIONEL NATHAN, 1808-1879  
Married Charlotte Rothschild, of Frankfurt house

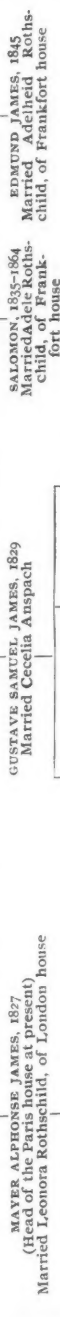
ANTHONY, 1810  
Married Louise Montefiore  
NATHANIEL, 1812-1899  
Married Charlotte Rothschild, of Paris house



NOTE.—Nathaniel, Lord Rothschild, as head of the most important branch, is usually spoken of as present head of the family; but his second cousin, Albert Salomon, of Vienna, is in fact the dominant financial mind of the family.

## PARIS BRANCH

JACOB JAMES MAYER, 1792-1863  
Married Betty Rothschild, of Vienna house

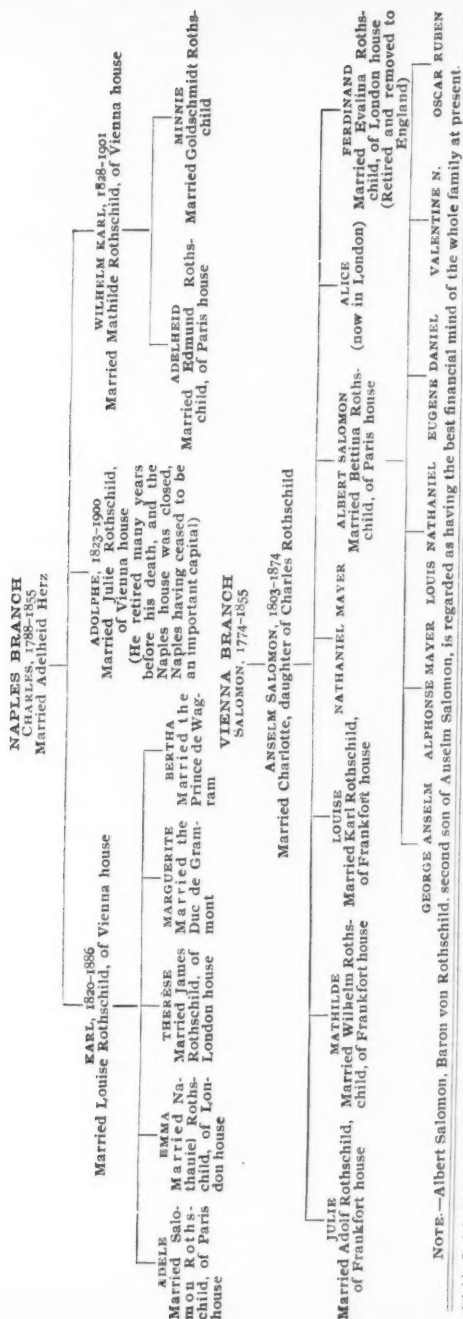


NOTE.—The Paris branch of the family, though the most splendidly and conspicuously seated of all, is both in wealth and in financial brain-power inferior to the Vienna branch and to the London branch. As with the London branch, "society" and national patriotism have operated to weaken, to a certain extent, singleness of devotion to family and to finance.

## FRANKFORT BRANCH

ANSELM MAYER, 1773-1855

Died childless. Frankfurt house is now directed from London. In 1855, this house was put in charge of Anselm's nephews, Karl and Wilhelm, of the Naples Branch



NOTE.—Albert Salomon, Baron von Rothschild, second son of Anselm Salomon, is regarded as having the best financial mind of the whole family at present.

against those human weaknesses which can all be classed together under the harsh and vulgar but expressive word snobbishness. They still made the most important marriages within the family; still, as to-day, found all their social intimacies there. But some of them began to intrigue and push and jostle for admission to the houses of such royalties and high aristocrats as were, by chance or by might, above and beyond their control. And one by one members of the family dropped out of active business, took up society, or "leading the life of a gentleman," or art, or some other fad, as a vocation. Of course, the cloaks for snobbery were more or less presentable and deceptive. But there is no reason why a man should not be a power in business and a person of refinement in life and in taste, as many of those Rothschilds who have remained bankers and business men have demonstrated and are demonstrating; the fact remains, therefore, that the adoption of the ornamental as a vocation was a confession of weakness, was a sign of the fatal inroads of the snob notion that the directly useful is somehow not so gentlemanly as the useless or the supplementary.

The first to yield was Adolphe, of Naples. As the result of his retiring from business, and also because Naples had ceased to be a capital and an important financial center, the Naples house was closed. In the third generation of Rothschilds, the grandchildren of old Amschel—Adolphe was a grandchild, by the way—there were many defections. In the fourth generation, the one now coming on, there are more—and there will be still more. For the house, now under the direction of Baron Salomon Albert, of Vienna, has adopted a policy of mercilessly weeding out incompetents.

Every male child born to the house has a chance to be active in the business, is put through a system of training not dissimilar to the regimen that old Amschel enforced upon his five sons; if he shows taste and talent for finance, he is promoted and otherwise encouraged; if he proves an idler or an incompetent, out he goes, with a fortune, which is given him outright or in trust, according to his fitness from the standpoint of the maintenance of the family. When a Rothschild dies, whether he was active in the house or not, whether, if it is a woman, she married an outsider or was single and a philanthropist, the bulk of the estate should find its way back to the treasury of the house.

Then, too, the sentiment of patriotism has been developing as the Rothschilds have been taken into the communion of citizenship in the various countries. A few years ago, an English Rothschild, while running for Parliament as a Liberal, had the chance to lend Russia a large sum which it needed to put down a Polish rebellion. As he knew that, if he loaned the money for such a purpose, he would be beaten for Parliament, he hesitated. Another banker snapped up the loan. And, while Rothschild resolved that he would never again permit sentiment to enter into business, still the incident shows that patriotic sentimentalities are making headway against the injunction of old Amschel that Rothschild should be for Rothschilds the one and only nationality.

It ought not to be inferred from the above that the Rothschilds are lacking in the public or the philanthropic spirit. On the contrary, of their many Jewish characteristics none is stronger than their generosity in those respects. And there is no city where they are seated that is not the more splendid for their gifts to public works, or where the poor are not better off for their munificence. Nor do they, as a rule, give like aristocrats, pauperizing that they may gratify their vanity. Their gifts have for the most part been of the sound, democratic sort, the helpfulness of fortunate brother to brother less fortunate. In their philanthropy there may be, indeed un-

doubtedly is, an element of self-interest. They must have a sense of greater personal and property security in the knowledge that the preachers of the various gospels of unrest single them out for gentler and milder attack than many far less rich get. And they have business sagacity enough to know that this feeling has been bought cheaply.

Besides the subtle acids of snobbishness and patriotic sentimentality, another equally subtle and potent has been at work. This is conservatism, that eats out the spirit of adventure.

Since the death of Nathan, there has arisen no heir to the courage that was his and his father's. Though Europe has been even more turbulent in ways as full of opportunity for the financier, though America's huge potentialities of financial power and profit have been revealed, the Rothschilds have in the broad acted upon the policy of keeping what they had—a policy that inevitably leads to heavy losses, both actual losses and losses of the might-have-been. Year by year, the family wealth has grown. In mere possessions they are, probably, many times greater to-day than they were half a century ago, when their wealth was greater than that of all the other great financiers of the world together. But their power has been changed from a vast, active, aggressive force of construction, felt in every enterprise the world through, to a vast passive force, exerting itself to maintain in politics and finance the order-that-is. Rothschild has paid the inevitable price of receiving no blow—it deals none.

Since the death of Nathan the Audacious, the instruments he used have lost much of their former potency. This is no longer the day when national finances and national policies, all more or less financial, are arranged in the cabinets of princes and prime ministers. Despite the Rothschilds and other similar forces, the people have arisen, have made their political masters, even in aristocracies, into servants. The autocrat and the autocratically inclined may boast loudly that they are responsible to God alone; but they know in their hearts that the voice of the God they obey is strangely



like the hoarse, common voice of the vulgar "people" that they still affect to despise. Further, public finance, the only important branch of high finance until late in the last century, is now, except in time of great wars, secondary to and almost insignificant beside private or industrial finance, beside the operations in connection with the corporation in its modern form. The Rothschilds still follow in the main the tradition of their house. Their chief business is with public funds; their chief customers are the decaying lords of caste, not the new lords of capital. Rothschild has industrial investments—mines and railways and factories; it inaugurates and floats industrial enterprises. But it does not go into those branches of finance boldly or extensively. It does not lead there. It is no longer the power, or even a great direct power, on the stock-exchanges of London and Paris; it has, as was noted above, been practically banished from Germany.

But power can be either active or a passive potentiality. The house of Rothschild is still the greatest financial power in the world, Rockefeller perhaps excepted; and to transform it from a passive potentiality into a tremendous active energy only a reincarnation of Amschel or of Nathan is needed. And that there will be such a reincarnation, that there will rise up soon another great Rothschild—who can doubt it that sees how the Rothschilds have remained so closely of the type of Judengasse, No. 152?

#### IV

The house of Rothschild has long had large interests in this country. Members of the family own great blocks of stock in all manner of industrial enterprises here; and the aristocratic and royal clients of the house have also invested extensively here under their advice and management. August Belmont & Co., their agents for more than a generation, are in many respects a branch of the house, equal in importance with Paris or Vienna; it is said that latterly the Rothschild influence has been direct and constant, and the com-

ing of the two young Rothschilds is thought to mean an increase of this influence—for these two young men are from the Vienna house which is to-day dominant in the family councils.

However this may be in fact, the public will not find out much about it. If the Rothschilds deem it wise to continue the policy of action here from behind the screen of an American house, the public will not see any indication that the invader has actually landed—though Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, may some day feel something that will lead him to think there is some newcomer in his puddle rather bigger than any of the creatures he has become familiar with.

But there has not yet appeared in the present-day Rothschild family a financial mind great enough seriously to dispute supremacy here with Rockefeller. If the house of Rothschild does come in its might, its peril to Rockefeller would be in that it would become a rallying-point for all the great financiers who have been angered or frightened by the mighty aggressions and mightier appetites of the behemoth of our industrial civilization.

The two young personal representatives of Rothschild now here are from Vienna. While Lord Rothschild of England is the nominal head of the house and while he is a man of ability, a true Rothschild, still he is too much of a sportsman and society man and all-round "English gentleman" to be a power. The actual headship, as has been said, is the Rothschild of Vienna. Of all the countries whose "society" receives the Rothschilds, Austria is and has been the one that receives them most coldly, for Austria is still socially medieval. It is more than a coincidence that the Vienna branch is the strongest, the most thoroughly Rothschild, the least tainted by "gentlemanliness" and snobishness. Its head is the true head of the family; he it is who is reaching out toward America from his seat in the far east of Europe.

Truly, for sound, sturdy human plants, the unfriendliest soil is the friendliest. Only feebleness dies of privation; it takes prosperity to kill strength.



## THE YELLOW DOG?

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

BURNETT and Ginger were the best of friends, notwithstanding a difference of opinion that might well have proved a strain upon affection. Burnett thought he owned Ginger in fee; Ginger contrariwise was fully convinced that not only Burnett, but all his goods and chattels, belonged absolutely to him. Since Burnett farmed in a biggish way, the goods and chattels were many and varied. He held Ginger the most precious of them, if he was no more than a mongrel, with the bull strain predominant, crop-eared, stump-tailed, tawny-brindle as to coat, crook-legged, of mighty muscle, his jaw deep underhung and his muzzle ferociously wrinkled. A big, lusty creature, able to pull down three times his own weight, he was withal peaceable, playful, with honest, kindly blinking eyes. This, of course, when unprovoked; in anger he was transfigured—a four-legged fury that it was the part of wisdom to avoid.

Burnett had so great a vanity of appraising extravagantly whatever belonged to him, that when he told the truth of Ginger he was but half believed. So there were sly chuckles and covert nudges one midsummer Saturday morning when he galloped up to the store at the crossroads, with Ginger on the dead run at his horse's heels. Ricks the storekeeper had also a farm, mostly down in grass for pasturing the live-stock

that he bred, bought or took in trade. He sold one head or a hundred, as the buyer chose. To-day a piffing buyer had just bargained for a lamb and two fat pigs—shoats, in Tennessee vernacular. Ricks had almost balked—he knew cutting out the chosen animals from among the hundred-odd in his big grass-field would be such a hot and tedious job; besides, there was the store, where he might easily lose in custom very much more than his prospective profit. Still, there was the chance of another dry week, and his grass had about every hoof it could well carry, so the trade had been struck, and Ricks was on the point of shutting up shop until the merchandise was delivered, when Ginger's appearance changed his plans.

"Hello, Burnett! What good wind blowed you here this mornin'?" the storekeeper shouted, as Burnett got down, leaving his horse with loose reins in the middle of the road, and Ginger gravely on guard before it. "You're jest the lad for my money," he went on, winking slyly at the others. "I've got a pizen mean job on hand—shoat-ketching, this time o' day! You must 'a' brought that dog along jest on purpose to do it for me."

"I didn't—but I'll do it for you, and welcome," Burnett said, looking keenly around. He had not seen the smiles and nudges, but unbelief was somehow

in the air. "Come and see it, you-all," he went on. "You been laughin' behind my back long enough. I lay thar ain't one of you but has said I lied about Ginger——"

"What d'ye lay you ain't been doin' of it?" Tommy Walker drawled, swaggering a little forward, his hands in his pockets. Burnett flushed—he was thin-skinned, body and soul. "I'll lay a horse against a ginger-cake—that horse right out there before ye," he said—"and throw in Ginger and the drinks, if he don't show ye he can do all I've said."

"Oh, I wouldn't be rash—not so rash as all that, if I was you, Burnett," Ricks expostulated. "You don't want to set the mistis afoot. We-all know she rides that black, carryin' a baby in her lap and two more behind her. Leave him out. I ain't sayin' a word against the dog, nor you—but you, ner nobody, cain't always count on animiles."

"I can count on Ginger," Burnett said, hotly. "Here, boy! Show 'em!"—striding out with the crowd at his heels. In a wink he had tethered the horse and was at the pasture-side, saying: "Tell me jest which critters you want—and mind you make no mistakes. That wouldn't be fair—not to me, nor the dog. I say now, and back the sayin' with all I've named, he will go in there and fetch out to me whatever I tell him to—one beast or two or three. He can't count beyond three—I've tried him over and over. But he does know one pig from another, or one sheep, or one steer. Put him on the track of it and it's got to come to you—else run itself to death tryin' to get away."

"If he can, and does, you may take my hat, and my horse along with the ginger-cake," Tommy Walker said, stoutly. "I'm a great mind to say a hundred dollars to boot. But I want to make jest this bargain—Burnett must point at what the dog's to ketch, then stay here with us instead o' goin' with him in the pasture."

"If I had to be my own dog that way, I'd never keep Ginger," Burnett retorted, his hands clinching on the top rail of the pasture-fence. Ricks leaned

over it, scanning the flock of sheep grazing a little way off. "Ketch me that nighest lamb," he said. "He's as good as any—and the brown spot on his rump sorter marks him down."

"In there, lad!" Burnett said to Ginger. The dog leaped the fence, and stood still, looking up at his master, making no movement toward the grazing flock. The spotted lamb was on the outside of it, some twenty yards off. As Burnett pointed at it, he said, very low: "Fetch, Ginger! The nigh fellow! Quick!"

Ginger walked sedately within five yards of the flock, his stump-tail wagging, his head down, sniffing at the grass. As he broke into a trot, the flock dashed headlong down pasture. He was after it like a shot, soon running level with the leader, yelping a little but not trying to nip or hold anything. The doubters, in watch, set up a laughing shout—it was so much more than impossible now that he could even half save his master's face. But before they had their laugh out, the flock came scurrying back, with Ginger in the midst of it at the heels of the spotted lamb. At sight of the clustered men, the sheep broke back pell-mell. Ginger went with them, still close upon his quarry, paying no heed to the rest. This time the flock half circled, running in a wide curve to the easterly fence. With three growling barks Ginger scattered it there, himself following a knot of three—the spotted lamb, its mother and a yearling wether, which went zigzagging wildly about. Somehow the zigzags each brought them nearer the watching group. As they came within ten yards of it, Ginger sprang upon the lamb, nipped an ear lightly, and half dragged it to his master, who had leaped the fence and stood ready to receive it.

"Hurray, Ginger! Good dog! Well done!" the doubters shouted—Tommy Walker as heartily as any. Ricks even looked up from tying the lamb's feet to say: "Seein' is believin'. Hereafter, if anybody tells me this dog can talk, I'll say, 'Umph, humph!' He certainly is a wonder."

"He is that!" Tommy Walker assented. "Still—Burnett, are you right down sure

he can count? Because if you ain't——

"He's sure—no matter about me," Burnett said, smiling proudly. "If you want to see him do it, pick out your shoats. We ain't got much longer to tarry, Ginger and I. The mistis said come home by twelve o'clock—she's goin' visitin' this evenin'."

The pigs were quickly chosen—two fine, saucy, spotted fellows, as like as peas in the pod to a dozen of their mates. Nobody thought the dog could possibly distinguish between them and the others, still less that he would be able to bring them out together. In spite of what they had seen, that was beyond belief. But Burnett looked confident. He went with Ginger a little way in, pointed out to him the chosen pigs as though speaking to a human being, then walked back to the fence and leaned upon it, outwardly cool, though with a thumping heart.

"Ginger wouldn't be out here if he was my dog," Tommy Walker said. "S'pose he nips a mite too hard—we all know what happens when a pig squeals, with fifty old hogs in hearin'. Like as not them old sows will roll him over and gash him all to pieces—they've got wicked sharp tushes, and will fight anything when they're sucklin'——"

"Wait, Tommy! You'll find out Ginger knows what he's about," Burnett interrupted, shading his eyes the better to watch the dog. All eyes, indeed, were fast on him. The two pigs had been feeding about ten yards apart. He had run from one to another, yelping playfully on the outer side of each, until he had, in a manner, pressed them into line, a little way apart. Thus they scampered away from him half down the pasture. There he turned them, heading them back as he had done the sheep. But they were ill to drive; moreover, another intrusive pig dashed in between them. Ginger had a great bother cutting him out and sending him about his affairs. By the time that was accomplished, the other two had separated. Again he brought them together, darting and dancing about them so swiftly that they must have felt themselves impelled forward by a queer big fork

very much alive. They were very fat—grass-fat, and stuffed with tender grass. They began to tire, to lag, at last to grunt piteously, as they trotted before him shoulder to shoulder. The other shoats, the big hogs, even the suckling sows, paid no heed to the dog—he was seemingly but playing with these two chosen fellows. If one of the two had but cried distress, every hog in the pasture would have come bristling and gnashing to the rescue.

Ginger knew it—hence his tactics. He himself was tired, and hot and thirsty beyond words. But when they went past the pond, he would not stop for a lap, nor let the pigs stop. In vain they ran out, now on this side, now on that—they found themselves always headed, and kept going Ginger's way. Panting, grunting, actually squealing faint protesting squeals, he brought them to his master's feet, so tired that one lay down as soon as it was still; the other stood stolid while ready hands laid hold on it. Then, as the pair was hoisted safely over the fence, there were cheers of the heartiest for Ginger and his master. The doubters, each and several, were ready to recant, to apologize, but nobody did it save obliquely. Tommy Walker spoke the inmost thoughts of all when he said, wringing Burnett's hand at parting: "Jim, I reckon we-all had better 'lect you sheriff—Ginger'd make sech a fine deputy. Whoever he went after had jest as well come in at once. Then for standin' guard he'd be worth a whole posse——"

"Oh, I don't know about that," Burnett interrupted, reddening—he was well known to aspire to the office. Amid the general laughter, he went on: "But I do know he'd die by—anything he thought was mine—my wife, child, horse, prisoner, even my old coat—and that, too, whether or no I had bid him watch."

It was something less than two years later that Ginger justified his master's faith, not to name proving himself beyond price. Burnett had been elected sheriff, and was doing the county's business quite as diligently as ever he had done his own. That meant staying

away from home more than half the time. Mrs. Burnett sighed over it, but never complained. She was a little woman, shy and timid. The house, moreover, was somewhat solitary, the nearest cabin standing a quarter of a mile off, and the three tenant-houses still farther, quite upon the borders of the place. But she was not really afraid—she could not be with Ginger patrolling the big yard. Nothing got by him unchallenged after dark except his master, and Little Jim, the baby, now four years old. When Little Jim had been in arms, he had insisted upon sharing his bread-

proportionate L running out from the back. There was a piazza across the back and down the L. The front was bald, and the windows everywhere furnished with Venetian shutters, strongly barred.

So there really seemed little risk in leaving it, with everything shut tight except the front door, where Ginger was on guard. Still, Mrs. Burnett would never have done it—if she had known. Her husband had seemed preoccupied for a day or two; he had ridden off before daylight, without awaking her, leaving word with the cook that he would



*Drawn by Frank Verbeck*  
"Nipped an ear lightly, and half dragged it  
to his master"

and-milk with Ginger, then a scraggy puppy of little promise. Ginger remembered. Full grown, he let Little Jim ride on his back, pull his ears, even swing full weight on that precious stump-tail. Indeed, there was but one thing he would not let the child do—that was to stray outside yard-bounds, unless he himself was free to go along.

Burnett kept a close mouth as to official business—this partly through honorable caution, partly also through a wish not to alarm his wife. She would not have slept a wink if she had known of the money, the papers worth more than money, locked many a night within the big black-walnut secretary that stood in the westerly of the two great front rooms. The house was low and rambling, with a wide front hall, and a dis-

be home some time that day. She could not bear to have him find the door shut in his face, with nobody to keep him company. Besides, Little Jim always took a morning nap—he would be sure to fret if she let him go along to the Lapsley old fields after wild strawberries. The other children were going, also the cook and housemaid. But Ginger would look out for the boy if he waked before the berry-pickers came back. They would not stay long—hardly till eleven o'clock. The Lapsley old fields lay broadside to the Burnett place. They had just been sold—at a sheriff's sale.



After this year there might be no more strawberries to pick. Mrs. Burnett knew vaguely that there had been some trouble over the selling; also, still more vaguely, that the trouble had to do with Ned Lapsley, the old major's grandson, who had grown up in foreign parts, where his scapegrace father had lived and died. She had said to her husband what a pity it was to have the land go out of the old name. He had answered, almost shortly, "It's a good thing to get rid of a breed that has run out." Thus she knew he thought ill of the young stranger, whom she herself could not help pitying—his grandparents, as long as they lived, had been such good neighbors.

The house had been empty since they died, hence she had no scruple in passing through the privet-hedged yard, the overgrown garden, on her way to the lower field where the berries were plenteiest. Going that way, she had also to pass the graveyard. Shyly she broke long blossomy rose-branches and dropped them upon the box-covered mounds inside the gray stone walls. Twenty yards beyond, she was startled to find herself face to face with a slim young man, pallid and dark-eyed, who, notwithstanding she had never seen him before, doffed his hat and asked, courteously: "Is the sheriff home this morning, Mrs. Burnett? I want to see him—because I think he wants to see me."

"Then you go right to our house, and wait for him—he may be home now," the sheriff's wife said, hospitably, making to turn back. The stranger shook his head, and almost ran away toward the big road. She looked after him, puzzled, somewhat troubled, more than half tempted to go straight home. But by this time she was in sight of the berries, red, luscious, abundant. The sight aroused all her housewifely instinct; in a minute she was kneeling among them, picking them as eagerly as any of the children—with the stranger, and all he stood for, thrust quite to the back of her mind.

A very little later, the stranger was before the Burnett house, scowling at Ginger, who lay bristling and growling

in his throat, across the open front door, with Little Jim asleep on a pallet just inside the west room. Ned Lapsley, the stranger, looked at the dog a minute, his scowl all the while deepening, then walked quickly about the house, scanning it for possible entrances. He had done many very bad things, but house-breaking was not among them. Yet he had been lurking about for just this chance since he had learned, two days back, that Burnett's desk held not only the price of the Lapsley land, but a bunch of notes and checks upon which he, Ned Lapsley, had taken the liberty of writing other names than his own. Banker Hardin had paid them, to save the Lapsley name—he had married the major's only daughter. He had given the incriminating documents to Burnett, to be used in the settlement of the estate, less for the money they might be made to represent than by way of insuring young Lapsley's absence in future.

That was but natural, seeing that Ned was madly in love with his cousin, Phyllis Hardin—also that her mother kept a soft heart toward him in spite of his misdeeds. He ground his teeth as he looked at the barred windows, the stout oaken back door, and thought of Ginger. He must get in quietly—a shot, even loud barking, would bring the field-hands upon him. If he could but hit on some way of driving out that damned dog! He thrust his hand in his pocket, struck something there, went white, gasped twice, then steadied himself, the light of evil purpose flashing in his eyes. The house stood high, on rough stone pillars; the piazza-floor was almost level with his waist. Cautiously he stooped, peered beneath, then flung himself down flat, and disappeared, wormlike, into the dusky space below.

Fifteen minutes later, Ginger, still prone on the bare floor, still sniffing, bristling, growling in his throat, sat up and began to snuff the air uneasily. Little Jim also stirred, rolled over, then sat up, digging chubby fists into sleepy eyes, and coughing the least bit. Ginger was puzzled. He scented a lurking enemy, but was distracted by an odd noise, a blurred, crackling sputter, his





*Drawn by Frank Verbeck*

"Broke long blossomy rose-branches and dropped them upon the box-covered mounds"

nose likewise offended with a pungent, choking smell. He stood up beside Little Jim, tugging at the lad's frock, all the while looking alternately out of the open door and at the corner where the west room adjoined the L. Smoke threads crept up there through cracks in the oak floor, and along the base of the log walls. Ginger barked at the first of them, shrilly, menacingly. As other threads came up almost under his feet, the barking changed to a stifled howl. Then, quicker than thought, he was barking again—anger, hate, defiance—for right there in front of him was the man who had first troubled him. The man

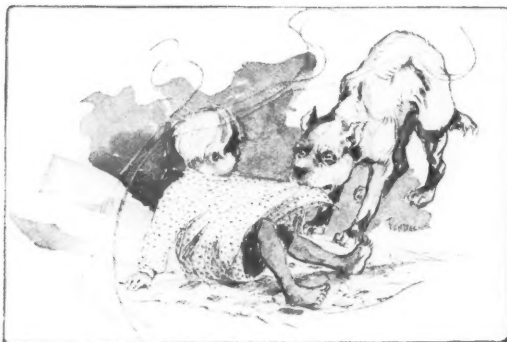
tried to whistle him out, calling to him coaxingly, making feints of patting his head. But they were sickly feints. Ginger stood upon his hind feet, leaping, darting, growling, with the thick smoke eddying above him. He had somehow got Little Jim in front of him, where the air was better. The little fellow was crying, not loudly but in still terror, tears streaming down his cheeks. Lapsley tried to rush past the dog, felling him with a bludgeon-blow in his rush. But sight of those blazing eyes, those gleaming teeth and tense corded muscles, was too

terrifying. Twice he essayed it, only to jump back. Then, as the smoke mounted, he made a last bold stroke. With three clangs of the big farm-bell he brought the field-hands running—they saw the smoke, so knew the need of haste. "Call off that dog and save things!" Lapsley cried to the foremost of them. The men whistled to Ginger; he growled at them, and held his ground. "Kill him!—why don't you?" Lapsley shrieked. The black men shook their heads. "'Twould be him kill us, ef us totched him now," one said; the others adding in chorus, "Marse Jim Burnett



*Drawn by Frank Verbeck*

"Even swing full weight on that precious stump-tail!"



*Drawn by Frank Verbeek*

"He stood up beside Little Jim, tugging at the lad's frock"

had ruther de whole house burnt 'n lose dat dar dawg."

"Smash windows—we must save the sheriff's money—his papers!" Lapsley half screamed. Obediently the men made a breach—Lapsley leaped in through it, groped toward the desk—found himself seized, borne backward, down flat, with Ginger at his throat. The black men dragged Little Jim to safety—none too soon, for the floor beneath him was scorching-hot. Inside the room it was like a furnace, but Ginger held on with a death-grip, until he heard his master's voice. Burnett had come in the very nick of time. Somehow, some way, he saved his desk's secret drawer, although he came out with a singed beard and eyebrows.

Somehow, also, by the men's help, he dragged out Lapsley, and laid him, death-struck, on the grass.

How the fire started was always a mystery—to everybody except Burnett and Ginger. For Ned Lapsley, poor wretch, died the next day—with Phyllis Hardin weeping over him, and thinking him a hero. She walked behind his coffin in widow's mourning, with half the countryside there to see. He had a great funeral—one that was talked of for years after Burnett told Ginger all about it—the flowers, the fine coffin, everybody's good words. Ginger listened as though he understood. He was not very comfortable, although supremely happy. He had four blistered feet and a badly scorched nose, but that made him all the more beautiful in his master's sight. Burnett took the scarred, wrinkled muzzle between his hands, and laid it against his breast, saying, very low: "We don't grudge the dead anything—do we, Ginger? We're too much of gentlemen, both of us, ever to speak the truth. But when I look at you, and think of him, born to so much, comin' to so little, I can but wonder—which was really the yellow dog?"



*Drawn by Frank Verbeek*

"We don't grudge the dead anything—do we, Ginger?"

## WILLIAM PENN'S GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON

**EDITORIAL NOTE.**—It is a very interesting fact that William Penn brought from the east to the shores of America the first seeds of really great government. These embraced freedom of speech, freedom of religious views, and good manners and integrity in dealing with the natives. That heaven spread throughout the country, furnished the preparation for the Declaration of Independence, and can be scarcely overestimated in its effect upon the destinies of the United States. Two hundred and twenty-two years afterward, the great-great-great-grandson of William Penn, coming from the west, landed upon the shores of California. Strange to say, he brought with him conceptions of government as liberal, and as far in advance of existing ideals, as those of his great ancestor two centuries before. This scion of the Penn family, the Earl of Ranfurly, was on his return voyage to England after having spent seven years as Governor of New Zealand.

When Lord Ranfurly arrived in New York, he spoke at a dinner given in his honor at the Union League Club. His auditors were chiefly men of affairs, who had only heard New Zealand's laws described as wild, impracticable and revolutionary. Knowing that he came from seven years' administration of New Zealand's laws; knowing that as an English earl he could have carried to his duties no great prejudice in favor of the common people, and having heard that his administration had been distinguished for the level-headed way in which he had handled the various problems brought before him, his opinions of the laws of New Zealand were looked for with the utmost interest. In the course of his speech he said in substance:

"What you call in America those radical propositions of the Referendum, the Eight-Hour Law, Old-Age Insurance, Income Tax and Arbitration, are no longer in New Zealand political issues. They have been accepted as so just, so fair, so wise, that no party can be found to oppose them."

"The Cosmopolitan" is, therefore, fortunate in being able to present the article which follows, in which the former governor considers some of the governmental problems of which he has had occasion to observe the operation. Undoubtedly that little country leads the world to-day in carrying out Mr. Lincoln's ideal of government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Few understand why a newly established government in a remote island of the Pacific can give this example of wisdom to the world, but the cause is easily found. Older peoples are bound by traditions, by laws which cannot be easily changed, by powerful financial interests which control. In the new land, on the contrary, there is no tradition. Men have gone thither from all parts of the world. These immigrants as a rule are men of independent thought, who have been observant of the strong and weak points of the governments they have left behind. Starting in comparative poverty where no great financial interests have yet obtained a foothold, the best ideas of government are put forward in the national legislature by men from England, from the United States, from Germany, from South America. Having the good of all at heart rather than the benefit of the few, legislators were able to debate with minds unprejudiced and unbought.

In view of the testimony given by Lord Ranfurly—and his certainly unprejudiced position as a member of the English nobility—of his seven years' experience in a position which of all others enabled him best to judge, it is to be hoped that we shall hear no more from that portion of the press of the United States which has chosen, in every possible way, to throw discredit upon the stories of New Zealand's wonderful prosperity under laws designed solely for the benefit of the great mass of its citizens.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WELLINGTON

## THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED GOVERNMENT

By THE EARL OF RANFURLY, Former Governor of New Zealand

NEW ZEALAND is a country that for many years has shown itself desirous of grappling with some of the abstruse problems that have arisen in the older world on social questions. It is a country of fair extent, nearly one hundred and five thousand square miles; gifted with a good climate, unaffected by the disastrous droughts which have devastated the flocks and herds of Australia; with rich mineral deposits scattered over its surface, including coal, gold, iron, and almost every other mineral known, in larger or smaller quantities; with a population of about eight hundred and fifty thousand alone to be supported; with few rich people, but the population as a whole all well-to-do, residing in comfort, and earning their daily bread without much trouble.

Such a country is peculiarly adapted for what, by some, is termed experimental legislation. It is trying to solve the difficulties of the more thickly populated countries, which difficulties have not, as yet, vitally affected itself, but

which must in due course present themselves as numbers increase.

The question of the best method of dealing with the subject of the aged and needy, is one that has occupied the minds of the greatest statesmen of all civilized communities. To New Zealand belongs the honor of having firmly grasped the nettle in the hand, and of having dealt with it.

As yet, the poor are few in number, and they are almost entirely confined to those suffering from old age, those crippled by labor or by accident (rheumatism and sciatica being chief causes among the many old gold-miners), widows who have lost the breadwinner, and added to these a few, common to all countries, who will not work themselves but wish to live in affluence on the labor of others.

In the past, these had been dealt with in hospitals, old-age homes, and by the Charitable Aid Board. The cost was partly paid out of the rates and partly defrayed by the government; in addition,

a small amount of private contributions was received. The old-age homes provided small comfort in 1897, but have been vastly improved since; still, they are largely occupied by the waifs and strays of society, and to the unfortunate who, through no fault of his own, has had to seek their refuge, his companions are anything but congenial.

The government first introduced a measure, more apparently with a view of obtaining criticism than of perfecting a scheme, in 1896, and the Old-Age Pensions Act was passed in 1898. The bill was one of great difficulty to frame, as there could be no question that imposition was a certainty, and every care had to be taken to protect the measure so that it should apply only to deserving cases, and thus avoid an undue tax on the money-bags of the state. The main features of the act are:

1. Persons of sixty-five years and upward are entitled to an old-age pension, provided they are deserving, and have not an income of fifty-two pounds a year, or property to the value of three hundred and twenty pounds; and this pension is on a sliding scale, with a maximum of eighteen pounds a year, but the total private means and pension can never exceed fifty-two pounds a year.

2. Twenty-five years' residence in the colony is a necessity.

3. Absence of two years during the twenty-five years prior to application for pension, debars applicant.

4. Applicants must be British subjects, or if naturalized they must have been so five years previous to application; this was by a later act relaxed.

5. Maoris and half-castes have equal rights to the pension, but Chinese are absolutely excluded.

This measure was for three years only, but in 1900 an amending act was passed making the law permanent; also making a few alterations, such as extending from two to four years the absence that is allowed from the colony.

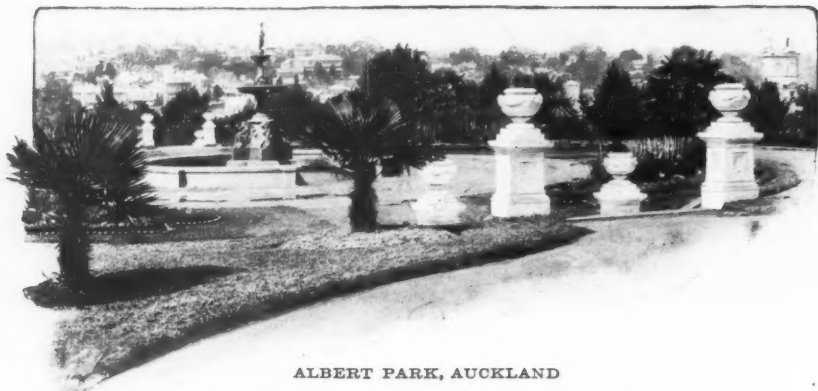
Such in brief is the method by which Mr. Seddon, New Zealand's able and energetic premier for over twelve years, has grappled with this question.

No matter whether the land be prosperous and flowing with milk and honey, we have the "first" Authority for "the poor being always with us," and to discover the best method of relieving distress, both for the people



R. J. SEDDON, PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND

themselves and for the country at large, paying special attention to finance, is a question of the utmost importance. The cost of dealing with the aged and needy, prior to the passing of the act in New Zealand, was sixteen pounds five shillings per head a year, whereas in the metropolis of London the cost was over twenty pounds in 1894, and in the last returns is thirty-seven pounds three shillings and three half-pence. This seems to show that the metropolitan system is extravagant and wasteful, as there can be no question that this sum is larger



ALBERT PARK, AUCKLAND

than what would be needed, in many cases, for respectable poor to maintain themselves outside in independence.

But is the Old-Age Pensions Act an unqualified success?

Criticizing the absolute working of the act, I must draw attention to its weak points—points, as a rule, that no legislative enactment can duly cope with, points foreseen in the act and which have, in order to safeguard the state, somewhat complicated the measure. The police are paid to protect the citizen, still burglaries occur; and some frauds must be expected. It remains to make the amount as small as possible.

Thus from this act arises the tendency of children, quite able to support their old parents, to evade their obligations; parents, in order to get the old-age pension, to make their property over to their children, and so appear destitute, et cetera. Of course, these cases occur only occasionally and in a limited number, but there is in this legislation undoubtedly the tendency to make the children consider that they have no responsibility, nothing to do with the old age of those who have brought them up and started them in the world.

As regards fraud, the cases that have come to my knowledge are few, and generally lay in those who obtained pensions by the suppression of property, or moneys they possessed, when the case was before the court. In stating age incorrectly, there may have been some, but the proofs required were a great preventive

against such being successful; no doubt personation may in some instances have taken place.

The precaution of demanding twenty-five years' residence in the colony seems to me the most likely to be defeated, as it is the easiest to evade.

Again, one of the most important things in national life is to encourage thrift and that independence which resents benefits provided for out of the public purse, but strives to lay up for bad times and failure of earning capacity, by care and industry. Is it not possible that this love of thrift may be impaired by the feeling that the state provides for destitute old age, and that the acceptance of the pension is not looked upon as a disgrace (as in the case of the workhouse), but merely in the same light as any annual allowance?

Again, the workman may not consider the fact that many years of life must pass before the age of sixty-five is reached, during which misfortune may come, and should health fail, he still may be destitute, and have to seek the help of homes and state-aided institutions. From the point of view of the public, they must still have these establishments, and in addition provide for those who possibly might have provided for themselves, or been provided for by their relations. Instead, therefore, of Charitable Aid Board expenses being reduced, they may be largely increased. There is something so alluring in the word "pension," however, that it



beguiles the public, as a way out of all difficulty.

I have now touched upon the salient points both for and against the act, and to you must remain the decision as to whether the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. I think not, for New Zealand, but should bad times come it will be an incubus on the colonial treasurer to have annually to find some two hundred and seven thousand pounds to meet the benefits of this act. Any country successfully solving the problem of economic dealing with the poor and destitute, who through adverse circumstances may be in need, assisting them so that their position may remain honorable and no stigma rest upon them for the receipt of state bounty, give it what name you like—that country, and the statesman governing it, confer a lasting benefit upon humanity. The Old-Age Pensions Act of New Zealand, passed by Mr. Seddon's government, is an honest attempt, successful as far as can be seen.

To change the subject and go to another state experiment made in New Zealand, if such it may be termed, I will turn to the Arbitration and Conciliation Act.

No individual can say that labor troubles are not disastrous in their results.

The loss to the worker through weary weeks while he is on strike; the loss to many others who, because he is on strike, are thrown out of work; the loss to the smaller tradesmen, who get their living by the supply of the necessities of life to these workers; the privations and hardships that follow in the trail and largely fall on the unfortunate wives and families; the loss to the manufacturer through having his expensive machinery and capital lying idle, in fact deteriorating; the loss to the nation in that her imports and exports are affected; and, possibly greatest of all, the ill feeling that is engendered, the frequent occurrence of disturbances and breaches of the peace—all these are vital questions for the statesman. Effectually to cope with this question and make strikes a thing of the past, an impossibility, would indeed be a benefit to mankind, if it could be done in an impartial manner, giving full justice to the worker, but remembering at the same time that the manufacturer without reasonable return cannot continue his business, and that he is entitled to fair returns for his money by all the laws of equity and reason. Fair returns also must be construed liberally, as the manufacturer has to find ready money to pay



WHARVES AT AUCKLAND



JUNCTION OF PRINCES AND HIGH STREETS, DUNEDIN

weekly or fortnightly to his workers; and when the goods are manufactured, a market has to be found, and in many cases considerable credit to be given, often involving loss. With this commentary, I will outline the New Zealand Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act of 1894, remodeled 1900.

This act is often called the Compulsory Arbitration Act, referring to a special state court all labor disputes in certain contingencies. The decisions of the Arbitration Court, which is presided over by a judge of the Supreme Court, are binding on all engaged in the trade dispute settled. Employers and employees each could equally call the other before the court, and have the case heard and award given. There are two courts. One is the Conciliation Court, consisting of a nominee or nominees of the employers and employees in equal numbers, with an impartial chairman. The employees named their representatives; the employers did not always elect theirs, and in these cases the government nominated to fill the vacancy. These boards were appointed for three years, and received one guinea each member per day of sitting. Their award was as binding as that of the Arbitration Court, unless appealed from within one month. This lower tribunal was evidently intended to lighten the labors of

the Arbitration Court, but it has hardly been so successful as originally hoped, as, in the large majority of cases, appeals were made by one or both parties to the Arbitration Court. The Arbitration Court consists of a judge of the Supreme Court, sitting as president, with two assessors, one selected by the employers' associations and one by the trade-unions. The appointment was for three years. The court was left a free hand, not being tied by precedent, and it could either make an award or give only advice. If it made an award, that award was compulsory, under penalty of five hundred pounds as a maximum fine on any employer evading it, or any trade-union; but if a trade-union had insufficient funds, each member was liable to the extent of ten pounds. The finding of this court was final and there was no appeal. The bill was by its original framer frankly named an experiment well worth the trying, and if a failure it could be repealed.

The courts have dealt with almost every known trade, even to cooks and waiters, and have given decisions on hours of work, holidays, wages, piece-work, number of apprentices, unionists and non-unionists, and rights of employers in their engagement of the same, or of employees working side by side with free labor; in fact, almost every

practical point has come within their venue, and as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so we come to the result, and we find that since the law has been fairly at work, practically no strikes or serious disputes have occurred. No doubt there have been some very trifling matters. Had this act come into force at a time of depression, it would probably have failed; but times being good, and each year as a rule more prosperous than the last, it was helped to become thoroughly established; and now, and as long as the Supreme Court judge is a man who considers the equity of the cases (while not forgetting the legal side), there seems no reason why it should not have put an end forever to serious or dangerous strikes.

To go fully into all the socialistic legislation of New Zealand and its results, would be exceeding the limits of an article. Personally, I consider that much of it has been successful.

It is worthy of record that the government does not confine its business to the simple duties of governing as understood here, but undertakes many responsibilities conducted in other countries by private enterprise.

It works state collieries, the original idea being to enable consumers to purchase coal at a more reasonable rate than formerly; on this point I have not heard of the result, but do not think the price to the consumer has fallen appreciably.

It works the railway system (with the exception of about one hundred miles of private line), twenty-four hundred miles being open; as a whole this pays about three and one-half per cent. on the capital expended, and would have paid more had it not been that for some years past the policy of the government has been to reduce the rates both for passengers and for freight, so long as the net return does not fall below three and one-quarter per cent.; thus giving back to the people, who are the users, as much as possible. This policy has resulted in an enormous increase of traffic, and with net returns each year better than the last.

The government is also the largest landlord. Originally it had immense tracts of land. These have been, and are being, annually largely increased by the compulsory purchase of big estates with a view to breaking them up for closer settlement. These farms the government does not sell, but lets on leases in perpetuity, the question of leasehold or freehold being at the present moment one of the most burning in the political arena. The time has now come when more population is wanted, if this policy of closer settlement is to be successfully continued.

The price paid for the estates compulsorily acquired is, so far as one can judge, most fair, and certainly in one instance that came to my special notice



CORNWALL PARK, AUCKLAND, FROM ONE-TREE HILL

This splendid tract of land, on the outskirts of the city, is the recent gift of a patriotic citizen

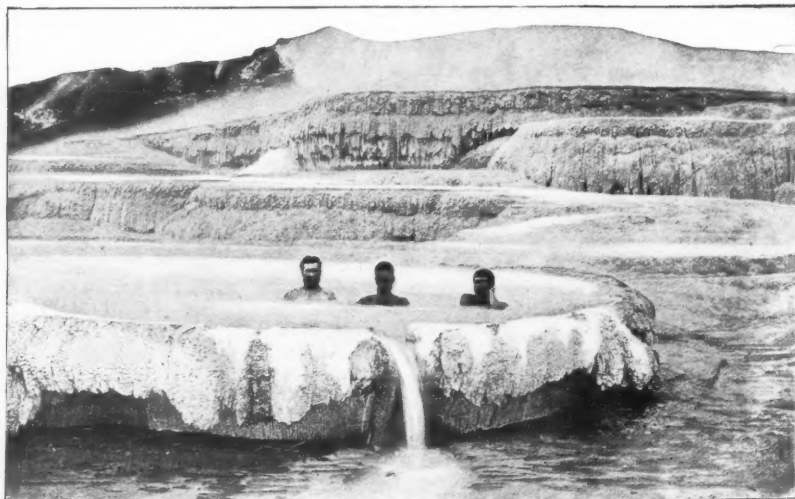
I thought the government had made a very poor bargain; strangely enough, in this particular instance the seller was also aggrieved at the price fixed by the judge at the hearing of the case. Of course, in some instances compulsory sales may be hard on those who have expended time and capital in developing the country, and not encouraging to capitalists, and indirectly it is quite open to doubt if it is advantageous in the long run to the smaller settlers that there should be no large estate in their vicinity on which work is to be obtained during slack or bad times.

The government further, under the Advances to Settlers Act, lends money to settlers at a very low rate of interest. Also it carries on life-assurance, doing nearly half the New Zealand business in this line (namely, forty thousand policies, assuring over nine and one-half million pounds sterling). Accident assurance, employers' liability and fire are all dealt with by the government.

People who look alone at the total debt of New Zealand, viz., about fifty-six million pounds sterling, and state that such a monstrous liability (considering the population is but eight hundred

and fifty thousand) must betoken future bankruptcy, little consider the assets named above, and that the government, besides being a government, is also a colossal trading company with huge sums invested in the various departments; for instance, some twenty millions in railways, many millions in land, in post-offices and postal equipment, in telegraph and telephone exchanges, in loans to settlers, in lighthouses, in collieries and endless other commercial enterprises from which a fair and certain return is derived, not to mention the opening up of the whole country in a marvelously short period of time.

I know that New Zealand's premier and the people of the colony mostly seem to consider these islands, and talk of them, as "God's own country." Certainly they are a pleasant land, inhabited by pleasant people; still, a land but partially developed, with mineral resources so far little touched, and I believe there lies a great future before this colony, and that New Zealand will be able to hold her own among the rising nations of the world, and will ever be, as she is now, a splendid example of British enterprise and British colonization.



NATURAL HOT BATHS, TOP OF WHITE TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA

## THE VOW ANTI-MATRIMONIAL

By HOWARD MARKLE HOKE

PORTER gave a low whistle after he had read the telegram that a messenger gave him:

"Come up at once. You must see aunty without further delay.

"Janet."

There would have been no delay at all if Miss Abigail Lebberton had been an ordinary aunt, for Porter was not the sort of young man to quail before any one of the uncountable varieties of aunts. It was not Miss Lebberton's character so much as her attitude toward the great public that made the situation difficult for Porter. She was the promoter of the Society for the Emancipation of Women, lecturer on Woman's Rights, and authoress of "Government from a Feminine Viewpoint," "Man, the Arch-Tyrant," and kindred outpourings of a Philistine spirit.

Of course, Janet and Porter should not have gone so far before observing that Miss Lebberton, with her watchful public, could not consistently consent to a marriage even if she would; but lovers have an irresponsible way of finding each other indispensable first and considering the barriers afterward. When they did let themselves face the difficulty, Porter had naturally argued that Aunt Lebberton's consent was not necessary, Janet being of age.

"You might as well not pursue that argument, Nathan," she had replied, with a spirit that might have led her into her aunt's strenuous footsteps. "Once for all, aunty has been a mother to me and I will not marry you or any other man without her consent, and I shall not accept her consent unless she can give it without compromising herself and her opinions with the very many followers she has."

Porter was joined on the first train up by Hiram Cormany, whose specialty was the filling of certain columns of the

Sunday supplements with matter that constantly reminded a discerning reader of the Fourth Commandment because it so flippantly disregarded it. The two had again and again proved the correctness of the old saying about the course of true love by comparing experiences as they rode to and from Moorwater, where, two months before, Miss Maria Wingate had frosted Cormany's hopes by announcing herself as an advocate of advanced feminine thought and as an implacable rival of Miss Abigail Lebberton.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty

"She was the promoter of the Society for the Emancipation of Women"



"Of all times to do your monologue for Miss Lebberton, this is the one that is labeled impossible," Cormany declared in his Sunday-supplement style when Porter showed him the telegram. "My dear boy, before sunset you will be resting your aching but wiser head against a weeping willow. Don't you know that the Anti-Marriage Confederation of Eastern America has begun hostilities against the masculine world and that its first president is to be elected to-day? Why, Porter, for the last two days Moorwater has been a hurly-burly of truculent petticoats."

"How does that call for weeping willows and aching heads, Cormany?"

"If you can't see them you haven't sized up the situation."

"Let me show you that I have. If Miss Lebberton is elected, consistency will not let her give me her consent to marry Janet. If Miss Wingate becomes president, the same principle applies."

"Correct. So it is my game to work for Miss Lebberton and yours to do all you can for Miss Wingate."

"It isn't our game to do anything of the sort, Cormany. If I should be the means of defeating Miss Lebberton, she would not let me marry Janet for spite. If you bring about the defeat of Miss Wingate, you may hear wedding-bells, Cormany, but they won't be yours. Now, let me tell you what our game really is. We must defeat both of them."

"By gracious, Porter, you were put up for a diplomat. But, wait a moment; how would that improve our outlook?"

"It's elementary, Cormany. It is always better to put a person in a position where he won't do what you want, than one where he can't."

"That's philosophy, Porter," Cormany cried, enthusiastically. "But, in the language of the chairman of the ways and means committee—how?"

"We must look over the ground first. But one thing let us consider settled—two able-minded young fellows ought not to be defeated by such a trifle as the Anti-Marriage Confederation of Eastern America. I know one who won't be without a struggle."

"And I know another," Cormany said,

belligerently, as the train rolled into Moorwater.

The Confederation had adjourned for a final "counting of noses" before the voting should begin, and the delegates, in all garbs from ostentatious simplicity to gaudiness becoming and gorgeousness aforethought, flocked, fluttered and flaunted through the village streets. To hear them discuss principles, talk "propaganda" and prophesy triumph would have made one imagine that the universe of trousers, coats and shirts was in a panic.

Janet met Porter at the depot, and, to get away from the prevailing hostility to their cherished interest, they went to a small park. She had put herself into her most bewitching gown, and, though this particular gown had always been to Porter a brilliant prophecy of the peaceful beauty of their home, it then represented everything that is threatened by war-paint and feathers.

"Nathan," she began, "why were you so thoughtless as to write me that letter last night?"

"Did Aunt Lebberton find it and read it?"

"That would have been a trifle. I dropped it on the street and one of Maria Wingate's delegates picked it up, read it, and, of course, took it right to Maria. I cannot imagine why you should not have foreseen that this was the worst possible time for you to write me all the reasons you could think of why aunty should consent to our marriage."

"It was a blunder, Janet," Porter confessed, with a sly smile. "If I had not written it to you, you could not have dropped it on the street, could you?"

With a spirited shake of her head, she leveled her keen eyes upon him, but, choosing to ignore the insinuation, she went on:

"Do you know what you have done? Why, you have simply presented the most dangerous ammunition possible to the enemy. You can easily guess what Maria did with your letter. She came straight to me, as exultant as a peacock. Oh, how she made my blood boil! She said she was in this cause for the righteousness of it, and she considered it her





*Drawn by Thomas Fogarty*

" ' We'll succeed if we have to disband the whole Anti-Marriage Confederation  
of Eastern America ' "

moral duty to find out what aunty intends to do about our engagement before her candidacy for the presidency of the Confederation went one step further. And now what do you suppose she threatens to do? Why, go up to the house and demand an answer from aunty. And she will do it, too. Oh, Nathan, it was dreadfully stupid in you to write that letter at this time."

"But having written it, Janet, what do you wish me to do?"

"Why, there is nothing you can do but go up at once and find out from aunty what answer I am to give to Maria this afternoon."

"I thought from the tone of your message that you wished me to do something difficult," Porter said, springing up.

"Now, Nathan, there is no use for you to make light of it, when you must see how serious it is. But you'll look at it gravely enough when I tell you that there never could be a worse time for you to go and see aunty than right at this moment. She is up there in her study preparing the speech she expects to deliver this afternoon after she is elected president of the Confederation. I stood outside of her door and listened to her reciting some of it, Nathan, and it frightened me when I thought about you and me."

"You must not let anything frighten you. It is going to come out all right. Possibly you have supposed I have been waiting for an easy time to speak to your aunt. On the contrary, I have been waiting for the hardest and most illogical time. This is it. There is nothing that puts a man on his mettle like doing things at an illogical moment. Now, please don't fret. We'll succeed if we have to disband the whole Anti-Marriage Confederation of Eastern America."

"Oh, Nathan, you would not even think of such a thing."

"I would more than think of it, little woman, rather than lose you."

He walked toward the stone house on the hill as jauntily as if he were coming from a victory instead of going to almost certain defeat. On a corner he met Cormany, and if his glumness had

been incurable he would nevermore have furnished chaff for the Sunday supplements.

"You two surely did play havoc with that letter of yours," he declared. "The figure may be rather tangled like myself, but Maria is up at her headquarters crowing like a game rooster. She granted me just six minutes, and she consumed five and a half of them in telling me how she has Miss Lebberton whipped to a standstill. You don't hear any sound like the merry peals of wedding-bells in the air, do you, Porter?"

"No, I don't; but I do hear the crash and crumble of an Anti-Marriage Confederation. Get your ears tuned for that first and wedding-bells afterward, Cormany. Don't give up. They are both coming. The life of this Confederation depends entirely upon the answer I get from Miss Lebberton, and I am on my way to see her now. Wait at your hotel until I come there."

Miss Lebberton's maid conducted Porter to the library, from which the study opened, a heavy Oriental portière ornamenting the doorway between.

"Tell her a gentleman wishes to see her, Annie," Porter said, unconcernedly sitting down in a comfortable rocker and picking up a magazine from the center-table. "You need not distress her with his name unless you must."

"I dare not go in yet," Annie explained, as she resumed her place near a small table and pointed to a silver pitcher and a goblet standing upon it. "Miss Lebberton is writing her speech in there, and when she recites parts of it she gets so earnest that she brings on a spell of coughing. I thought she would have one a minute ago. When she does, I'll have to rush in with a goblet of water, and then I'll tell her some one wishes to see her."

"Why doesn't she keep the water in there and have it at hand?"

"Because she is so sensitive when she's writing a speech that she says the sight of a pitcher makes her cough sooner."

"Ah, Miss Lebberton is not so resourceful as I thought she was," Porter observed. "It's a discovery worth



*Drawn by Thomas Fogarty*

"In a moment Maria Wingate stood before them, in as triumphant a pose as a woman of her slenderness could assume"

making. A man or woman of expedients would hide the pitcher behind a screen."

The silence that followed was quickly broken by a stage voice that easily pierced the curtains, and the voice uttered words which showed Porter that if he had been waiting for the illogical moment he had hit upon it:

"Beloved sisters in our cause, what is marriage? It is a conspiracy of man to condemn us, his rightful superiors, to domestic slavery, to unwarranted subordination, while he—Man, the self-vaunted lord of creation—occupies our places in the governmental and business world."

"Whew!" Porter commented. "That last word sounded very much to me like a compromise with a cough."

"She won't be able to run through another sentence like that without water," said Annie, gripping the handle of the pitcher.

"I pledge you, sisters of our all-conquering Confederation, that I have prepared myself for the responsible post of presiding over your future deliberations, to which you have elected me, by casting from my own heart every thought that might be construed as marriage sentiment, and—and——"

"I knew she couldn't," Annie said, and, hurriedly filling the goblet, she ran to the curtains and disappeared.

Porter continued to look at the illustrations in the magazine as if it were a moment of the utmost relaxation. Annie presently appeared with the emptied goblet.

"Miss Lebberton is expecting a call from the agent of a lecture-bureau," she explained, "and as she did not ask me who wanted to see her, I did not think it was necessary to tell her you are not the agent. Oh, my, but she is earnest! She just gulped the water down. Poor Miss Janet!"

"Oh, no," Porter corrected her, as he stepped toward the doorway—"poor Aunt Abigail! Poor deluded women!" and he swept his left hand toward the study and his right toward the town. Then he coolly parted the curtains and disappeared.

Miss Lebberton was bending over her

table, writing very rapidly with a pencil-stub. She was a woman of ample, though not ungraceful, proportions, and her face, which could not be called homely, showed a vigor of thought and a determination of character that fully accounted for her foremost position in feminine apostleship. Power could be felt in her very presence, and Porter knew that he was to encounter it in an aggressive moment; but he had made himself a master in the modern art of promoting, and he loved such a moment as a veteran warrior loves a foeman worthy of his steel.

Miss Lebberton turned from her table with a smile for the lecture-agent. It quickly turned to a scowl.

"Good morning, Miss Lebberton," Porter said, very affably and with a courteous bow.

Without acknowledging these courtesies, she bent over the table again and made the pencil fly like a shuttle on the paper. Then, standing erect again, and making appropriate gestures, she read what she had written, in order to test its sonorous and declamatory qualities:

"I pledge you, here and now, my faithful sisters in the cause, that, from this moment henceforth through my life, I will never knowingly aid or abet a marriage until men, vainglorious men, in convention assembled, grant us business and political equality with them!"

Porter had stood in a posture of respectful attention, and when Miss Lebberton swept her eyes triumphantly from the paper to his face, he said, with every show of candor:

"Permit me to compliment you, Miss Lebberton, upon the tremendous force of your sentiment and the oratorical excellence of your delivery. I dropped in this afternoon merely to tell you that Janet and I wished to get married."

She glared at him as if she could not believe her ears.

"Talking to me of marriage—marriage—at this time! You are either very audacious, young man, or you are strangely lacking in appreciation of my present position."

"I am happy to say that I am neither, Miss Lebberton. I chose this time to

call upon you, wholly because I have so keen an appreciation of your position and the situation generally. Perhaps I know a little more about it than you do yourself. Let me explain," and he told her about how his letter had fallen into Miss Wingate's hand and the use she meant to make of it. "So, you see, I had to come at this time. She will be here before very long, I think, and Janet must tell her something. What shall it be?"

"What else could it be than that I cannot possibly consent to this marriage? If you just look at it, both of you can see that my position absolutely prevents it. You might have seen it without bothering me at this time. But I am glad you told me this. It makes my election sure. When the delegates learn that I have refused consent to the marriage of my own niece, Maria won't have a baker's dozen of supporters left. You have given me renewed inspiration for my address, Mr. Porter."

"Do you think you will ever deliver it?" Porter asked, quietly.

"Certainly."

"I am inclined to doubt it. You will not be elected president of the Confederation."

"Who will defeat me, I'd like to know?"

"I will freely give you my promise right here, Miss Lebberton, not to do so, if you will give me your consent to marry Janet."

Her face grew still redder with anger. "What is the use of taking up my time discussing an impossibility? How would it look for a woman to be elected to the presidency of an Anti-Marriage Confederation and on the same day grant her consent to a marriage? You must see the utter absurdity of your request, if you will but look at it. There is no use to take up any more of my time with it, and I need every minute."

"It must be arranged somehow right here and now, Miss Lebberton," Porter said, changing his jaunty air of assurance for one of gravity. "You must give Miss Wingate some reply."

"That is simple enough. Now I must

ask you to go and let me finish my speech."

"You will not need your speech, Miss Lebberton, unless you and I can come to some adjustment of this matter."

"How could such a matter be adjusted?" she demanded. "It is simply impossible to reconcile such an inconsistency as a woman in my position granting any one a consent to be married."

"Oh, there is more than one way of adjusting difficulties," Porter persisted, "and as for inconsistency, all of us have so much of it that a little more or less ought not to enter into a matter so vital as this. Inconsistency doesn't hurt unless too much of it comes to the knowledge of one's public. We simply must adjust this somehow, and right now, too, Miss Lebberton. Just put aside your position for a minute and be an aunt in her usual capacity. If you had your choice, you certainly would rather make Janet happy than miserable, wouldn't you?"

"Don't take up the time with useless questions."

"Very well. I should like to put a hypothetical case, as the lawyers say. Suppose there should be an aunt who would rather make her niece happy than miserable. Suppose the aunt is so placed toward a dear public—which, of course, is always strictly consistent—that she dare not let it know that she has consented to the marriage of her niece. Now, suppose, while this aunt is away on a journey, the young man in the case proves to be so recreant, so ungrateful to the aunt, but so desperately in love with the niece, that he persuades her to be married without the crowning joy of having the aunt present to give her blessing. Query: What would the aunt do about it?"

Porter undoubtedly had a lively and persuasive style, and Miss Lebberton was forced to listen in spite of herself. Her eyes began to glisten as she saw his drift, and when he put the query, she gave a little laugh of appreciation, and betrayed a bit of relief, as she asked:

"What could such an aunt do? She certainly could not compel the silly things to be divorced."



"I thought there were some paths to a common point, Miss Lebberton. In other words, you are inclined to think that the hypothetical aunt, who has a good human heart in spite of her beliefs, might give her consent for the silly things to be married without her consent."

"That sounds a great deal like sophistry or quibbling or something of the sort, but I really haven't time to seek out the flaw," she said. "If you put it in that diplomatic shape, I'll not object, if you will only permit me to finish my speech."

"Miss Lebberton, I don't think I have ever had occasion to tell you what an absorbing interest I take in your lecturing tours," Porter said, quietly. "If you would care to tell me, I should like very much to know when you expect to start on the next one."

"I shall leave in three weeks for a month's trip through New England."

"I certainly wish you success in the way of many converts to your views, and, if you will permit me, I will congratulate you in advance on your election as president of the Anti-Marriage Con——"

The curtain-rings rattled ominously upon the pole, and the curtains themselves were parted by two vigorous hands. In a moment Maria Wingate stood before them, in as triumphant a pose as a woman of her slenderness could assume. The ribbons and bows and feather of her big hat seemed to have fashioned themselves into a crown of victory. With a laugh of conscious vantage, but, at the same time, with a manner of excessive courtesy, she said:

"Why, good afternoon, Abigail. I told your niece I would call for a certain decision she was to give me, and as I was waiting in the next room I was fortunate to overhear it. The arrangement you have just made with this young man is so sweet and altogether lovely in its tender and helpful sentiment toward marriage, that I think I should be untrue to my interest in our Confederation if I did not give it the pleasure of admiring it with me as soon as it convenes."

"That is your privilege, Maria," Aunt

Lebberton said, with seeming indifference.

"Oh, I know that, Abigail, and I shall take full advantage of it."

In a moment the curtains were swinging tragically behind her departure. Aunt Lebberton whipped her hat from the top of a revolving bookcase, and as she stabbed her pins into it, she said, with her indifference all gone:

"If that woman wins, young man——"

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness, Miss Lebberton," Porter said, complacently. "She won't win."

"But even if she should not, I have seen what a dangerous position you have led me into, and the agreement is broken right here."

"Then you will not be elected either, Miss Lebberton."

"And you will never marry Janet."

"Oh, yes, I will; with your full consent and blessing."

She swept him over with eyes that showed disdain but at the same time surprise and wonder; then she strode between the curtains. Following her at an easy gait, Porter met Janet running from the parlor.

"I saw by aunty's face that something dreadful has happened, Nathan," she said, hysterically. "Is it all over?"

"Yes, all over but getting ready for your wedding, little woman," he answered, in a perfectly even tone. "I must go out for a while, and you might as well spend the afternoon in making up your list of invited guests and deciding how you and your bridesmaids will be dressed."

"Oh, Nathan, are you deceiving me?"

"Deceive you on so vital a thing?—never. As I have just said to your aunt, we shall be married not only with her hearty consent but with her loving blessing. Don't worry about it. It will be all right."

He left her and walked at an undisturbed pace to the Swansdown Inn, which was directly opposite the hall where the Confederation was holding its sessions. He went into the hotel and found Cormany impatiently walking the floor.

"I had made up my mind you had



run away," he said. "I just saw Maria sailing into the hall over there like an army with banners. Then Miss Lebberton pranced in, looking as hostile as a whole band of Comanches. What has happened? It's all up, is it?"

"You go to pieces like a ten-year-old boy, Cormany," Porter observed. "If you refer to the Anti-Marriage Confederation, it is all up, or soon will be," and he quietly sat down at a table, scribbled several lines upon a sheet of hotel note-paper and handed it to Cormany. As soon as he had read the lines, his face began to gleam with victorious amusement, and, slapping Porter on the back, he cried:

"Old man, this will pass into history along with such events as the blowing up of Hell Gate."

"Never mind ancient history, Cormany. We are concerned with the present now. Who would be the best delegate to introduce that resolution for us?"

"Mary Ann Breen," Cormany cried, without hesitation. "She is a newspaper woman who had herself elected a delegate for the story there is in it. Nothing would rejoice her newsy soul so much as to see the Confederation end in a grand row. She would have a story for the first page. I'll get it to her with a note."

He wrote a line on another sheet, thrust the two into an envelope; then they hurried over to the hall. A few words, accompanied by the transfer of a silver dollar, enlisted the good offices of the janitor, who divulged the information that the best place to witness the proceedings was from the loft above, by looking through the opening over the chandelier.

The session had just been called to order when the two got their eyes above the opening, and they looked down on a changing kaleidoscope of varicolored hats and bonnets. As soon as a delegate had offered up a fervent petition that harmony might dwell with them in the important work of the session, and that the president to be elected might nobly serve as the instrument in accomplishing the ends they all so fondly and hope-

fully cherished, a shrill "Madam Chairwoman" shot forth from the babble of tongues and the rustling of fabrics, papers and fans.

"Maria's not going to lose any time," Cormany growled. "That is one of her hustlers."

For carrying power of voice, "brass" and the "gift of gab," the woman had been adroitly chosen. In a strain of facetious sarcasm that brought forth round after round of applause, she pictured the love of a "dunce of a dandy" for a "goose of a girl," the alliterative phrases giving Maria's supporters hysterics of merriment; then, in strident exultation, she went on:

"And who, think you, my sisters, is this goose of a girl? Some one with whom we have no concern? Far from it. She is the niece of Miss Abigail Lebberton, the celebrated authoress, the alleged exponent and exemplar of higher feminine thought, the uncompromising foe of marriage, and who seeks election to-day as our president. But it has been discovered, in the nick of time, before it was too late, that if we had elected her we would have had at our head a woman who secretly connived at a marriage; for, deceitfully and in flagrant contempt for the paramount principle of our organization, she has made a secret arrangement with the dunce of a dandy so that he might marry her niece apparently without her consent. In so doing she has not only been unfaithful to our highest principles, the very germ of our organization, but she has surrendered her principle to a man, thereby giving him an opportunity to spread ridicule of us among his degenerate fellows. And who, think you, beloved sisters, made this transcendent discovery? None, sisters of the Confederation, but our respected and honored and faithful-at-heart delegate and candidate for the presidency—Miss Maria Wingate."

For one instant there was a deep silence; then a hurricane of treble swept through the hall. In vain did madam the temporary president hammer the gavel; in vain did some of the delegates scream and gesticulate; in vain did

several pinched little women rise up on their chairs and brandish their sunshades. Others huddled into jangling and wrangling groups, and there was a confusion of tongues that was a fair imitation of that historic one upon the ancient plain of Shinar.

"And now, Madam Chairwoman," shrieked Maria's spokeswoman, "I move that we elect Delegate Maria Wingate by acclamation."

Cries of "For shame!" broke into the soprano and contralto duet of seconds that arose, and the two watchers above saw Miss Lebberton in one of the aisles desperately motioning for the notice of the chair, while she indignantly strove to push her rather disheveled way through the gorge of sisterly opposition.

"It has been moved and seconded," the chairwoman shouted, "that we elect Delegate Maria Wingate by acclamation. All in——"

"We're lost, Porter, if Mary Ann Breen doesn't act soon," Cormany whispered. "But I never knew her to fail. By gracious, there she goes!"

A strong, red-faced, masculine woman, wearing a blooming hat that was fairly becoming and a brilliant red dress that was not at all so, had risen upon a chair. Her voice pierced the turmoil like an arrow.

"Madam Chairwoman," she shouted, "I rise to a point of order. We have proceeded in a well-arranged manner to organize ourselves into a Confederation for the mighty purpose of discountenancing marriage. But, unfortunately, we have overlooked one vastly important requirement. It is necessary that every delegate of this glorious Confederation should have her eye single to its purposes, its cherished achievements. Therefore I read the following resolution and I shall urge its adoption: 'Resolved, That before depositing her ballot for a president, or voting for one by acclamation, each delegate be required to take a solemn vow that she will not marry until, as a Confederation, we have wrested from our common enemy—~~Man~~—every equality which we as a Confederation seek.'"

There was a full half-minute of mute

consternation; then the harmony that had beautified the deliberations was blown away like chaff before a gale. If there was a delegate who did not utter her sentiments, neither Porter nor Cormany could see her. Some stood upon chairs, some upon tables, others rushed frantically along the aisles. From their perch above the chandelier the scene looked to the two watchers as if a rainbow had been broken into bits and they were being tossed about by the tempest. The temporary president hammered the gavel with her utmost strength, but if the strokes were heard they were not heeded. Up one aisle Miss Lebberton was still trying to force her way, while in another Maria was meeting with no more success.

Those who may desire to follow the subsequent proceedings step by unparliamentary step, can do so by reading the graphic account written for the "Morning Courier" by Mary Ann Breen. It can be briefly stated here that Miss Lebberton finally reached the stage and gained some little attention near the front.

"Sisters," she earnestly protested, "this resolution is entirely out of order, out of all reason. Our Confederation was not intended to prevent marriages, but only to be used as an instrument in compelling men to grant us our natural rights and privileges and——"

But she could make no headway against the cross-fire of motions, seconds, points of order and privilege, invective, impudence, innuendo, sarcasm, irony, jealousy, in the height of which about forty delegates, wearing somber gowns and little unornamented bonnets over their silvering hair, indignantly filed out of the hall. They hired the parlor of the Swansdown Inn, across the street, where they tried to form a rival Confederation, but were rent into three hopeless factions by inability to agree upon the wording of an anti-matrimonial vow.

The discussion among the remaining one hundred and sixty delegates waxed more turbulent, until seven-eighths of them, attired in colors regardless, marched from the hall with heads aloft, stuffed birds rampant and tall ostrich-plumes

waving. This brought no lull, and when another insulted fragment of thirty was thrown off, Miss Lebberton flung her withdrawal from the contest into the midst of the warring factions and stalked out, a bolter of one.

"Now they'll elect Maria," Cormany said, nervously.

"There you go to pieces again," Porter said. "Who is left down there to do it?"

"Well, suppose they don't. You've had your explosion and both of us are liable to be hit hard by a falling fragment—you by Miss Lebberton and me by Maria."

"Cormany, you're not the man I took you for. If you haven't seen that all Maria has been after is the office and the honor, you have been too blinded by love. Never for a moment has she had her heart and soul in it as Miss Lebberton has. She will be in a sarcastic state of mind toward her fellow delegates now, and if you can't work out your matrimonial salvation with such a start, you don't deserve to hear those wedding-bells."

"How about yourself?" Cormany asked as they went down the stairs.

"My task is hopeless compared with yours," Porter answered, easily, "but don't bother about me. I'll come out with flying colors, and you'll hear a wedding-announcement before two months. There goes Maria now."

Cormany hurried to her and Porter walked in a leisurely fashion up to the stone house on the hill. When Annie admitted him, Janet again ran hysterically from the parlor.

"Now I know it is all over, Nathan," she cried. "Aunty just came in and I never saw such a look on her face. What has happened?"

"I'll tell you all about it after I have given her a bit of news I think she will be interested in. Has she gone to her study?"

"Yes; but, oh, Nathan, do be——"

"Don't fret; you'll see the uselessness of it in a half-hour."

He walked through the library and rapped upon the frame of the study-door. He was gruffly told to come in.

When he passed between the curtains, Miss Lebberton was standing at her table, grimly putting it in order. During the full minute before she deigned to acknowledge his presence, he observed that whenever she came to a page of the manuscript of her speech, she tore it into bits and tossed them indignantly into the waste-basket.

"Miss Lebberton," Porter said, cheerily, when she turned to him at last, "I thought I would run the risk of disturbing you in order to report that the Anti-Marriage Confederation of Eastern America has——"

"Gone up in a spasm of cackling," she broke in, as she flung a ball of crumpled manuscript into the basket.

"I believe I had the privilege of telling you, hadn't I, Miss Lebberton," he went on, quietly, "that neither you nor Miss Wingate would be elected."

She wheeled fiercely around at him. "That resolution was your work, then, was it? I want the truth, young man."

"I had no intention of denying it," he replied, stooping to pick up a wad of the manuscript and dropping it into the basket.

For a minute she stood and looked him through and through as if the sight was giving her a better perspective on the situation. Contempt came to her strong face and went away by turns. Then there was the glimmer of a smile. It grew as if she could do nothing with it, and at last it burst into a ripple—some-what hysterical, perhaps, but still a ripple of genuine mirth.

"Why don't you laugh with me, then?" she asked. "Aren't you proud of your work?"

"Yes, I am, Miss Lebberton; but I confess that the humorous side of it would appeal to me more strongly if I were certain that you still intend to take that lecturing-trip through New England."

"No, I do not; decidedly not," she answered. "My speeches there were to be against marriage, but I don't propose to make another speech of that kind. I've had my eyes opened to-day, young man—thanks to you, perhaps. I could go on talking against marriage until I

should be gray and the women would applaud the bitterest thing I could say against it, but only a very contemptible minority of them would sacrifice their matrimonial chances for the sake of the principle. The truth of it is, Mr. Porter, it isn't a principle at all—perhaps it's only something to talk about. I am under obligations to you."

"Is it necessary for me to point out to you how you can discharge them?" Porter asked.

"Of course not. You and Janet go ahead with whatever arrangements you may wish to make. Make it as brilliant and as public as you can desire. And I shall be there myself and do all I can to show the public that the Anti-Marriage Confederation did me a power of good and——"

The curtains parted and Janet came in hesitatingly.

"Nathan," she said, "Mr. Hiram Cor-

many wanted to talk to you on the 'phone, but when I told him you were engaged, he said I should just tell you that he has worked out his salvation. I cannot imagine what he means by it, but I suppose you do."

"To be sure he does. He has worked out his own in a most successful manner, and I am sure no one can explain what it means as well as he can," said her aunt.

"Oh, aunty, I think I see now. How can I ever thank you?"

"Don't try. Take her to the parlor, Mr. Porter, and when you have talked it all over come back here and the three of us will talk it all over again. I want a little time to recover from the explosion—your explosion—and while I am in the humor and the sensations are fresh I think I'll block out a speech on the dynamics of an anti-matrimonial vow."

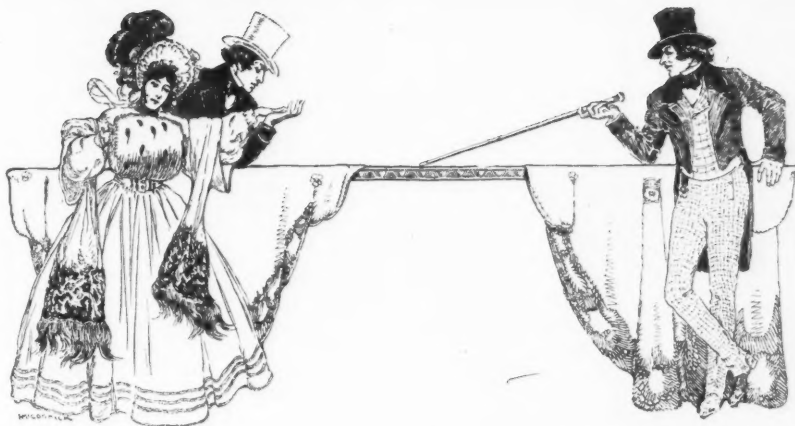


## MONOTONY

By HELEN A. SAXON

UNREALIZED, the long hours come and go,  
 A hooded, listless file of shadows pale;  
 Men's deeds like visions pass, and scarce avail  
 To lift dull thought, or mark life's ebb and flow.  
 The hopes that pushed me heavenward once, aglow  
 With passionate desire, now flag and fail;  
 The lights have vanished, and the wine grown stale,  
 Long rusted is the blade, unstrung the bow.

Oh, better far, to climb the toilsome height  
 Than linger in the valley's flowered way;  
 Far better in a losing cause to fight  
 Than feel one's sinews wasting day by day—  
 To taste the hemlock bitter, face the night,  
 Than die the daily death of apathy.



## MEN WHO MARRY AND MEN WHO DO NOT

By LYNDON ORR

NO unmarried woman ever meets a man of her own station without thinking what sort of husband he would make for her. She may not think of it seriously. The man may be so unattractive or so utterly impossible as to make the very notion of marrying him a perfectly ridiculous mental vagary. But whether she thinks of it soberly, or lightly, or with a shudder, makes no difference. The point is that she does think of it. The matrimonial possibilities of any given man form a theme upon which every woman is fond of speculating curiously and theorizing vaguely—whether he is the sort of man who would like to marry her; whether he is the sort of man whom she would like to marry; whether, as a conclusion, he would marry anybody at all. All these and a hundred other questions will pass through a woman's mind during the most casual five minutes' conversation and while with a quite indifferent air she is exchanging the most commonplace and conventional remarks. You never can tell what a woman is thinking about, but the more seraphic and detached she looks, the more likely is she to be pondering the most personal things.

As the result of years of this sort of speculation, a woman comes to divide most men into two great groups—the men who marry and the men who do not marry. There is a third group—a very tantalizing and perplexing group—made up of the men as to whom it is impossible for any woman to be sure whether they will or will not marry. For convenience, these are generally classified in the second group and are regarded as being, for all intents and purposes, matrimonially hopeless.

Marrying men are easily recognized. The inexperienced girl of seventeen can be trusted to pick them out with unerring sagacity. They are the men who have a soft side to them, however rough or however unlikely they may often appear to be. They are rather usual men, representing, fortunately for the race, the generic type of masculinity. They rather expect to marry some day or other, even though they have no definite ideas about the sort of wife they want. They think a good deal about "home" in the abstract. They believe in the old-fashioned ideal of wifehood, even though they do not often encounter it in life. They think that the old simile

about "the oak and the ivy" is wonderfully expressive. If they are poor, they expect a wife to do her share of the household work. If they are well off, they picture the partners of their joys as having nothing to do more serious than fancy-work. Such men are theoretically fond of children, and when they marry, are disturbed if they have daughters instead of sons. Women are a mystery to them—a delightful but unfathomable mystery. And they never solve it. Femininity of itself has a fascination for them. They are affected by it in some way which they do not understand. The unlikeness of women to themselves piques their curiosity, but they never get any farther along in the path of enlightenment. They go down to their graves deliciously obtuse and contentedly uninformed.

Of course, such men as these are the easy prey of women—of all women or any woman. They do not exercise any actual discernment in marrying. They do not choose, even though they think they do. They are really chosen. What determines their matrimonial fate is the accident of proximity. A man of this sort will marry any woman who is not absolutely hideous or deformed, if only he happens to fall into her society for a reasonable length of time, and if she takes the trouble to be half-way nice to him. He is flattered by even a little notice from any woman, and it takes very little association and a very brief period of proximity to make him begin to think that there never was so fascinating a representative of her sex. Everything she does seems to have a special grace peculiarly her own. Everything she says is full of meaning—sprightly or serious or informing. The color of her hair, the curve of her cheek, the poise of her head, are all wonderful, because they are hers. The sentimental spot in him is very near the surface, and he idealizes in his simplicity the most ordinary sort of girl just as easily as he would a second Cleopatra. It is pure luck or the intervention of a benignant Providence that so many of these marrying men ever get good wives, or that they ever escape being captured in their boy-

hood by designing haridans. That they do escape is due to no wisdom or discretion of their own. Left to themselves, any one of them is likely at any moment to find himself engaged to a housemaid, or going to church with the young lady who sells him cigarettes at the shop on the corner, or eloping with a chorus-girl, or marrying a spinster old enough to be his mother. What saves most of the predestined victims from premature and lamentable errors in matrimony is the fact that most of them in early youth are ineligible from a pecuniary point of view, or are not overpoweringly attractive upon purely personal grounds. The Fotheringays of the world seldom marry the Pendennises after they find out that the question of income is not sure of a satisfactory solution. Then as the youths grow up to manhood and become matured and make a place for themselves, they are less likely to fly the track, so to speak, and get out of their own class. Such proximity as they experience is not so promiscuous a proximity, and therefore, when in due time they succumb to what has always been their predestined fate, the instrument of that fate is apt to be a fairly suitable person, some one who is at any rate on the visiting-list of the family which she enters. She may be temperamentally the wrong woman, but she is fairly certain to be socially the right one. And anyhow, the man will seldom know the difference. If things go wrong, he will merely say to himself that marriage is always like that.

But there is another reason why marrying men do not always marry the first woman who attracts them. Women themselves do not particularly care about accepting too easily the man who is so easily to be had. A marrying man is like a man who is too eager to make a bargain and who lets his eagerness be perfectly apparent to the one from whom he hopes to buy. Such is the perversity of women, or of most of them, that they undervalue even what is in itself desirable if it can be had by merely saying Yes. We hear a great deal about the masculine ardor for conquest, the piquancy



of doubt and difficulty, the joy of overcoming, the pleasure of the chase. But a woman experiences all those feelings far more keenly than does any man. Woman more than man craves the impossible, cries for the moon and idealizes the unattainable. She likes to be adored, but she is not really moved by any adoration as to which she has an instinctive feeling that it might just as well be given to any other woman in her place. She wants to feel that she herself has compelled it, that no one else could have won it, that it is supremely and absolutely and inevitably hers alone. This is not alone the joy of conquest but it is the joy of exclusive possession, and that is very close to the innermost heart of womankind. And so the marrying man is kept, as it were, in reserve. He may be taken as a *pis aller* in the future, and he is very useful in the present—useful to fetch and carry, to take one out of an evening, to make love to one even as a mild excitement; but the really interesting man, the man who makes a woman think about him in his absence, is the man who has no intention of marrying whatever, or who at any rate is quite indifferent about it.

This sort of man is at once the delight and the despair of women. He is their delight because they secretly respect him for not giving in to them and because he has the charm of the unattainable; and he is their despair, because they feel so utterly baffled and helpless when they encounter his perfectly invincible admiration, his urbane and deferential indifference. Moreover, the man who will not marry is really more attractive than the man who can be made to walk into a trap with his eyes wide open. He is one who has a sense of relativity. He looks at life in a scientific way, and while he wants to enjoy all of its pleasures and opportunities, he is very much averse to tying himself by the leg in letting any single pleasure master him. He likes women so much that he cannot concentrate his whole interest upon just one of them. He is a connoisseur, finding a special charm in each individual type, but no overmastering, compelling charm in one

more than in another. Holding himself in the innermost sanctuary of his heart, a little bit aloof, he is able to enjoy to the full the exoteric attractions of woman-kind—the sympathetic intelligence, the grace, the wit, and all those softer feminine attributes which are so delightful to a man of mind and taste. But he can enjoy them all without wishing to bind himself to them forever. They are, when all is said, only a part of life, only one of the many enjoyments of existence. Indeed, a long association with even the most charming of women is not good for a man who is thoroughly masculine. There is something mentally enervating in feminine companionship after a while; and so, after having been both delighted and delightful in the society of women, the genuine man feels that he must go off and be alone or with other men, out in the open air, as it were, roughing it among the rough, as a mental tonic.

The most trying thing in women is that they can never understand this one need of man's nature—the need at times of being let alone. This is why the most tactful of hostesses, the most enjoyable of friends, the most tender of wives and lovers, so often fail from the very excellence of their intentions, the very strength and intensity of their affections. When a man begins to grow a little restless and to experience the need of other and less dainty companionship—if he wants to go shooting or off to a forest-camp, or just to smoke a pipe in the quiet of his own thoughts—those good women always fear that they have failed in their attentions to him. Then they beset him with new kindnesses and redoubled demonstrations, until at last he almost hates them and breaks from them roughly or with a burst of irritation of which he is thoroughly ashamed a short while after, and by which they are thoroughly astonished and deeply hurt, because this phase of a man's nature they never comprehend. But the man who does not marry is usually one in whom this feeling is very strong. Just because he so thoroughly appreciates whatever is exquisite and perfect in woman's society, he is the

more fully cloyed by it. And so he comes to think that this perpetual tête-à-tête of matrimony would in the end be as maddening as at the outset it might be enchanting.

The man who does not marry has a tremendous advantage over the man to whom marriage is one of the inevitable things of life. Having no interests and no responsibility, he takes what he will, gives what he pleases, comes and goes, and keeps women perpetually guessing. The marrying man, on the other hand, plays the game with the cards on the table. He cannot pique curiosity, or arouse much interest, or indulge in any of the maneuvering which is a part of the enticing *jeu d'amour*. His measure is always taken in a few hours and calculated to a nicety. He has no chance. He really feels; he really cares; and that is why he does not cause any woman to lose sleep.

But the man who does not feel, in that compelling way, who does not care, in the sense that he is bound by his concern—he is the one who has the best of what woman's friendship can bestow. He can be natural and at ease and free from all self-consciousness by reason of his fundamental unconcern. His heart is not worn on his sleeve. He pleases precisely because he does not strive laboriously to do so. He has spontaneity, a careless unconcern, perfect frankness and loyalty in friendship, just a hint of sentiment to give a special warmth and

glow to his attentions, and yet with it all an indefinable air of being his own master and thus of possessing a sort of inner power which is felt rather than discerned. The man who does not marry is perhaps responsible for much unhappiness. However sincere and honest he may be, his friendship may often stand in the way of a woman's lasting happiness. While he is in her life, she thinks of him as the ideal husband, the perfect mate. She cannot tell but that she may appeal to him in that same way. She hopes it may be so. She gives him her thoughts, her liking and at last her love. And while he rivets her attention, she lets pass many an opportunity of marrying and of marrying well. Yet she cannot marry while there exists the possibility of winning one who makes other men seem commonplace and utterly distasteful. When, in the end, she finds that she has, after all, been only a pleasant companion, only one of many friends, and that her part in the life of this man has been a purely decorative part, then she is likely to be soured. If she turns to the usual type of man and condescends to marry him, she no longer finds it possible to bring to him the sweetness of an unspoiled nature. She is a disappointed woman, irritable or cold or selfish, and the secret of her coldness and her selfishness is found in the fact that all the best of her was given, at least in thought and feeling, to the man who would not marry.

## LOVE CAME, AND WENT

By WINFRED CHANDLER

LAST night the graybeards talked of dear remembered days,  
The while a surging music through far-off echoes ran.  
I questioned, pondering the strangeness of their ways.

They smiled—"Ah, you will know when you become a man."

Then nearer came the tones, and lodged within my breast,  
And boomed, and sank, and died, like tide-waves on the shore.  
To-day the youths stood list'ning. I asked them of their quest,  
And heard: "Ah, you would know, were you a boy once more."



## THE RESCUE

By LEE WILSON DODD

### I

"DISLIKE," said Miss Harmony Bright, with accustomed emphasis, "above all other names I dislike the name of—Tuthill. And I do not think Iowa at all the proper sort of state for Everly to choose a wife from."

Sescom Bright, her brother—famous banker, famous owner of trotting-horses, whose face, with and without the distortion of caricature, is (I had almost written) a "household word"—Sescom Bright continued reading the letter.

"I am so happy," he pronounced, in the same droll, quiet manner he had found effective for after-dinner anecdotes. "'She is the sweetest girl in the world; I am sure, pater, you will take to her. She's not a bit like New York girls'"—Miss Harmony Bright groaned aloud—" 'she's so whole-souled, and when she looks into your eyes——'" Sescom Bright stopped short. "I think that's all of importance," he said, replacing the letter in its envelope.

"Sescom," demanded Miss Harmony Bright, "you will cable him at once to break the engagement?"

"Do you want him to marry the girl?"

"Certainly not."

Precision and neatness are perhaps the surface traits of Sescom Bright's character. "I think," he said, "I shall write and congratulate the boy."

Miss Harmony gasped. "Bessie Tuthill? Iowa? Oh, Sescom!"

"The letter," continued the banker, "comes from Brussels. They will have three weeks in Paris. Miss Tuthill sails from Cherbourg on the 14th, and Everly will return home with her, of course. Please write Miss Tuthill and her chaperon, Miss—Miss Perrin, as soon as possible. Ask them to visit us before going on West. I shall write Miss Tuthill's father myself, when I think proper to do so."

"You mean to receive her?"

"Why not? Everly says she's the 'sweetest girl in the world!'"

"Everly," commented Miss Harmony Bright, "is a fool!"

"He is my only son," said the banker.

### II

When Everly Bright achieved his diploma at Yale University, he was twenty-two years old. A week later, on the third day of July, 190—, he set sail for Naples on the good ship "Aller,"

and took with him on that occasion an ample letter of credit and his father's blessing. "I suppose he'll get into trouble," was Miss Harmony Bright's only comment on the adventurer; "he always does."

"But he always gets out again," was her brother's response.

As for Everly in person, he had small thought for troubles past or to come. One is not always twenty-two, one has not always graduated from Yale in spite of an adverse faculty, not always does one possess an ample letter of credit and the wide ways of the earth for playground. When these things concur, it rains only perfumes; when these things concur, it is very pleasant only to breathe, and to move here and there with an eye out for the unexpected. When one is twenty-two, the unexpected is always a girl.

Everly saw her the second day out; she was leaning back in a steamer-chair, eating candy from a two-pound box. She was rather a large girl, with a plump, pretty face, a little heavy in type. When she smiled, her cheeks dimpled and her eyes almost closed. She looked very good-natured. Everly merely noticed her in passing; the girl, for her part, half turned to follow him with her eyes down the long promenade-deck. "That's the first swell-looking man I've seen," she remarked to her chaperon.

Miss Perrin, the chaperon, was talking with much expressive gesture to a short, heavily built man of middle age who stood beside her steamer-chair. "My dear Bessie," she said, "whom are you rattling on about? I thought you were asleep."

"Not she!" laughed little Lawyer Grapple, the man of middle age. "Miss Bessie has singled out her cavalier with discretion. That was young Everly Bright, Miss Bessie; I had him pointed out to me in the smoking-room."

Miss Bessie dimpled vaguely, but Miss Perrin at once sat up and raked the deck fore and aft with restless "black-beaded" eyes. "Surely you don't mean he's the son of Sescom Bright, the millionaire? Where is he?"

"He'll be round again presently, Miss

Perrin. He seems to think the promenade-deck is a running-track." Miss Perrin sank back to her cushions and addressed Mr. Grapple with a siren smile. "You'll introduce us, won't you? I do so want Bessie to meet the right people, and have all the advantages."

The thick-set little lawyer rubbed his somewhat scrubby cheek. "I'll have to meet him myself, first," he said. "Oh, here he comes!" Everly rounded into view forward and came down the deck with his long, easy stride. Miss Bessie did not look up, but just as Everly neared her the two-pound box of candy slipped from her lap and fell, scattering bonbons abroad.

Well-bred Everly at once ran to assist the fair unfortunate. He picked up the box, handed it to her, and stooped to gather again the fallen sweets.

"Oh, please don't bother," said Miss Bessie, just the least little flutter in the world rippling her voice. "I've lots more in the cabin. You're awfully good. Won't you have one? This is Miss Perrin, my chaperon; I'm Miss Tuthill." She raised her big blue-gray eyes to poor Everly's with the most engaging of smiles. He stammered something polite, blushing to the roots of his hair. "My name's Bright," he said; "I—I hope you don't mind my interfering." And before Miss Perrin could put in a tranquilizing word, he was off down the sloping deck with new and effective speed.

"Bessie," said Miss Perrin, "I'm ashamed of you. Why didn't you introduce Mr. Grapple?"

"Ho, ho!" laughed little Lawyer Grapple, "I'm not a swell—am I, Miss Bessie?"

"Wasn't it awful," murmured Miss Bessie, "that my box should fall just then!"

"You mustn't be so careless, dear," smiled Miss Perrin.

### III

On the last night out from Naples Miss Bessie and Everly met together forward in the shadow of a ventilator. It was a soft, southern night; down on the steerage-deck some one was playing

a mandolin. There was a moon, but Miss Bessie said it always made her homesick to look at the moon.

They had been silent for some moments, when Miss Bessie, not too vaguely, remarked, "I'm sorry it's over."

"It isn't over," said Everly.

"I thought we landed to-morrow?"

"Oh!"

Silence.

"What did you mean, Mr. Bright, by saying 'It isn't over'?"

"I—I meant—I—I hoped we should see something of each other this summer—now and then, you know—on the Continent."

"Oh!"

Silence.

"You've traveled a lot, haven't you, Mr. Bright?"

"Well, when I was a kid they yanked me round more or less. But I don't remember much about it."

"Are you going—any place in particular?"

"Not much! I mean to chance it!"

"Wouldn't it be lovely if Perry and I should happen to meet you sometimes? Perry knows just where we're going to be every day for the next three months."

"Does she?" asked Everly, with immense animation.

Miss Bessie laughed—a good-tempered little chuckle. "She keeps the schedule in her diary; I thought I'd better copy it for fear she might perhaps lose it some day and forget where to go next."

"You—you wouldn't let me take a copy, would you?" asked palpitating Everly.

"I wouldn't let anybody else take one," replied simple Miss Bessie.

Silence.

"What I like about the life on ship-board," said blissful Everly, "is the chance it gives you to meet nice people. I never make any new friends in New York. Aunt Harmony sees to that."

"What a funny name! Something like 'harmonica,' isn't it?" A delicious giggle. "Oh, please, Mr. Bright, do tell me more about New York. I just love to hear about swell people."

"How sweet and unaffected she is!" thought happy Everly. "How different

from other girls! I wonder if——" But the voice of Miss Perrin, who, in company with Mr. Grapple, was extending her skirmishing-line, interrupted his reflections.

Miss Bessie rose hurriedly. "Good night," she said, holding out both hands, but withdrawing one as Everly attempted to meet them; "here come Perry and her beau." As Everly's fingers pressed hers, they closed upon a small square of folded paper; a wonderful thrill swept through him.

"Bessie!" he whispered.

But Miss Bessie was gone away into the moonlight.

#### IV

The summer passed. Everly followed Miss Bessie and her unchaperoned chaperon up through Italy to moonlit Venice, to Bellagio of the blue hortensias, across the Simplon to Martigny, across the Tête-Noire to Chamouni, to Geneva, to Lucerne, to Munich, Nuremberg, Frankfort, Cologne—Brussels! It was from this hillside city that he wrote home to his father proclaiming Miss Bessie for his future wife. As he wrote—be it understood—he trembled. A vision, not of the pater but of Aunt Harmony, rose menacing before him; in spite of himself he heard her say, "So this is Miss Tut-hill?" saw the nipping kiss of frost to follow, and with a sudden clairvoyance saw lifted eyebrows when Miss Bessie's back should first have turned.

He despised himself for this prophetic imagination of ills to come. It seemed to him disloyal to her.

In Paris Miss Perrin and her charge stopped at the Hotel de l'Amérique at the request of Everly. This hotel is supported by wealthy Americans; one hears little French there. As Everly was entering his own name in the register, his eye glanced up the sheet and came to rest on the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Belmont Bright, Miss Cynthia Bright, New York city." Mr. Belmont Bright was his father's half-brother. Everly quailed.

"They will see her!" He tried to unthink the thought and so avoid his perturbation. The thought remained.

When he entered the dining-room that evening with Miss Bessie and Miss Perrin, he cast a nervous glance to right and left; then he looked straight ahead and encountered the black, mirthful eyes of Cynthia. He bowed, blushing.

When he had found a desirable table for his party in quite another corner of the room, he excused himself, crossed to his uncle's table, and told his aunt, his uncle and his cousin how very surprised and how very glad he was to see them. The first assertion was impeccably true.

"Whom are you dining with?" asked Cynthia, wickedly. "She looks very healthy—I mean the young woman, of course."

Now it would have been the manly thing, as Everly well knew, for him to say, "I am dining with Miss Tuthill, my fiancée, and with Miss Perrin, her companion." What he did say was this:

"Oh, that's a little girl I've picked up en route—Bessie Tuthill!"

Cynthia smiled approval. "I wish I were a man and could pick up plump little nobodies! It must be fun, rather?" Mrs. Belmont Bright demurred—"Cynthia!"

Everly was about to leave them. "When do you sail?" asked his uncle.

"From Cherbourg, the 14th."

"No!" from Cynthia.

"What a fortunate chance!" from Mrs. Belmont Bright.

As Everly returned to Miss Bessie, he hated himself.

"Who are they?" asked Miss Bessie.

"My Uncle Belmont's family."

"Is that swell-looking girl your cousin?"

"Yes," said Everly.

# V

As in duty bound, Miss Harmony Bright accompanied her brother to Pier No. —.

The great vessel, having done its part, lay passively and let itself be pushed and prodded into its berth by four or five profane, petulant little tugs. The gangways were lowered; the prisoners

streamed forth, glad-eyed, with tumult of feet and cries of delighted recognition. Handkerchiefs waved, and those who could not get themselves heard made hideous faces, intended to project mimetic joy and welcome.

Sescom Bright, famous banker, famous owner of trotting-horses, had achieved for himself and his sister an enviable position near the first-cabin gangway. His face did not betray emotion, but little muscles just at the articulation-points of either jaw alternately swelled and relaxed. A blood-horse champs his bit so under restraint.

When his only son appeared on the gangway, he stared searchingly at the girl beside him.

"Sescom!" exclaimed Miss Harmony Bright, "it's Cynthia!"

"So it is," admitted the famous banker, dryly. "Everly, my boy, how are you?"

"Pretty fit, pater!"

"Welcome home, Cynthia. Where's your father?"

"Dad and mama are coming. Mama was awfully sick all the way over, poor dear—she always is!" Then as Everly stepped aside to salute his Aunt Harmony, Cynthia added, in a delicious whisper, "Well, I hope you're satisfied—I've rescued Everly!"

"You got my cable?"

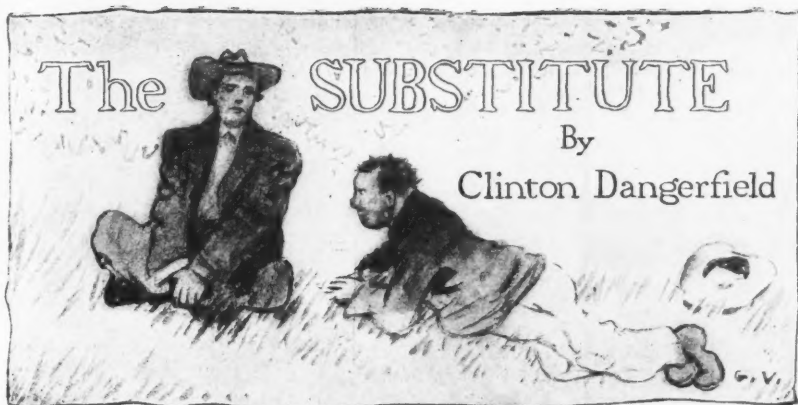
"Of course. I persuaded dad to change our sailing-date—and now poor Everly thinks he's engaged to me! It's a little rough on him, perhaps, but—Oh, there's Miss Tuthill now—the fat, red-cheeked girl—no, there, flirting with the purser! Imagine!"

"My dear Cynthia," purred famous banker Sescom Bright, in a fatherly aside, "couldn't you manage to make this engagement permanent?"

Cynthia laughed. "Oh, I can't promise!"

Now just at this instant Miss Harmony Bright's cultivated, carefully modulated voice rose above modesty and the natural pitch in a shrill paean of joy. Everly, standing beside her, looked a little sheepish, but fairly happy and self-satisfied.





THE tramp cocked a red and sullen eye at Wingfield.

"My job ain't as easy as you think," he observed, discontentedly. "It may look a soft snap, but when I promised the perfessor to let him experiment on me I hadn't no idee what I was a-gettin' into in this here innocent country place."

"You appear to be well fed," returned Wingfield, seating himself on the smooth pasture-sward beside the hobo. "And you've just been enjoying a cigar."

"Which you gimme," said the tramp, not ungratefully. "Well, now, I tell you—that's the fust ceegar I had in five days." He paused to let this statement sink into Wingfield's mind, and then he resumed. "You see, the ole feller he's writin' a book on grub an' its effects on avypoise—which is flesh. He wanted to find out exactly what grub made exactly how much flesh, so he goes an' finds me and some other gay-cats, an' he says, 'Give you a dollar a day to do nothin' but eat.'"

"And you jumped at the chance?"

"I did," admitted the tramp. Then he added, gloomily: "But there's allers somethin' wrong in every sitooation. Fust place, we have to mastykate every mouthful till it ain't got no taste left in it. Now, I'm ust to eatin' sensible—I likes to take a big bite and wash it down comfortable with coffee; but no, sir!—the perfessor won't let us have a drop to drink while we're mastykatin'."

"Too bad," murmured Wingfield.

"Then there's them breakfast-foods, which he is inventin'," pursued the tramp, with a shiver. "I don't no sooner git accommodated to one than he up an' tries a new one on us."

"But," he continued, "he's the easiest pusson in the world—so long as you do exactly what he says. If he ketches you disobeyin', you'd think a whirlwind done broke loose. He's got a pretty gal, his darter. The ole man keeps her terrible close—says a woman mustn't marry till she is thirty. Thirty? Ten years lost—for nothing."

"Five," murmured Wingfield to himself. "Julia is twenty-five now."

"She had a beau onct," pursued the tramp. "The cook told me about it. The gal was off at her aunt's. She got engaged to a bloomin' fine young feller, which the perfessor hadn't never seed him. She come home, but she was skeered to let her beau come too, until she could confess to her daddy."

"Wal, the gal she told the perfessor all about her engagement. An' then hell an' blazes was to pay! The perfessor ripsnorted and reared around till he scared that pore young woman nearly to death. I ricollec' onct——"

"What about Miss Broughton?" interrupted Wingfield.

"I don't remember of sayin' her name," said the tramp, staring.

"Everybody knows the professor's name," retorted Wingfield, flushing.

"Wal, that may be," growled the

other. "I wisht I never had heerd his ole name myself!"

Wingfield gave a smothered jab at the grass with his cane. Then he said, with a persuasiveness that seemed to have cost an effort over his impatience:

"You were telling me that he——"

"Yep—I was sayin' he ripsnorted and reared till he scared her into writin' a letter to her beau informin' him it was 'all a mistake'—askin' him to take back her ring, that they 'wouldn't be happy,' an' a lot more lies."

Wingfield leaned suddenly across and caught the tramp's arm in a grip of steel.

"Are you sure of all this?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"Leggo!" howled the other, an expression of acute anguish on his face. "You got the constitooshun of a ox, you have. You ort to be in my place, where you'd need it."

"That's precisely where I mean to be," retorted Wingfield. Leaning toward the hobo, he began a series of eloquent arguments.

When, at the noon-hour, the professor went into the garden to collect his five "experiments" for their dinner, he was exceedingly vexed to find one of them missing.

He glared at the others, and questioned them, but they stubbornly maintained their utter ignorance of their former companion's whereabouts.

At this point the gate opened, and a young fellow whose silky crop of curly brown hair looked a trifle too well groomed for his very ragged clothes, entered and approached the exasperated professor.

"Professor Broughton, I believe," he said, bowing respectfully. "You are less one tramp, are you not?"

"Sir, I am," said the professor, eagerly. "Can you tell me where to find him?"

"Sir, I cannot," returned the other, in apparent regret. "I merely happened to overhear your just indignation on the subject, and having, of course, read reports concerning these already famous experiments of yours, I hasten to offer myself in the delinquent's place."

The professor stared.

"You are very obliging," he said, dryly. Then his eyes swept the other's muscular figure. "You are not as thin as I would desire," he remarked. "Still, you might answer. By the way, your language is very correct for your class."

"Pray don't refer to it," sighed the newcomer. "I am naturally very sensitive. Will you put me on your list?"

By the time Professor Broughton had experimented on the substitute for a week, he began to congratulate himself heartily on the exchange. For the newcomer took a most intelligent interest in the effects of the different foods, and was willing to be weighed ten times a day if the professor desired it.

Another thing gratified the professor. His daughter unexpectedly awakened to the importance of these investigations, and with her own fair hands helped him to measure out the food apportioned each tramp. She did more than that. Instead of eating in solitary state, as she had done hitherto while her father presided over the experimental table, she insisted on joining him as hostess, and on aiding him to prevent the gastro-nomic breaks which the hoboes were given to making if he took his eyes off them.

It is true there was one out of the five, the substitute, who never needed watching. He always took sixty bites to an apple as directed, and in every way endeavored to prolong the meal to the most healthful measure. But Julia never could be made to see this. She seemed to think the substitute needed a keeper all to himself, and she watched him so carefully that she left the other four completely on the professor's hands.

The professor obliged all five of the men to keep perfectly clean-shaven. He took great delight in observing the hollows in their faces filling out, were it ever so faintly, under the influence of milk and potatoes, and an equal pleasure in proving a marked decline in twenty-four hours when he put them on rare beef and lemon-juice.

As soon as the men varied one way or the other, were it never so slightly, the professor put them on something else,



*Drawn by Gustave Verbeek*

"'Julia!' he thundered. 'What are you doing? A tramp's arms! Disgraceful!'"

considering that the variation had proved his point.

The substitute never minded these violent, and seemingly capricious, changes. The most blissful content appeared in his face at meal-times—an ecstatic state of being which distinctly irritated his confrères, whose discontent daily grew deeper.

Absorbed in caring for the substitute, Miss Julia failed to notice the malevolent glances cast on her father by his four original hirelings.

This quartet sat like four hungry and sulky children. Their jaws moved with the repressed fury of wolves constrained to detested deliberation.

That this constraint alone compelled them into a temporary art in "masty-katin'," that their ominous scowls meant something, Miss Broughton was doomed to discover very suddenly.

She might have had forewarning long previously, had she only reflected on the isolated site of the house, and on the highly unscientific attitude of the

reluctant "experiments," so far as the four were concerned.

She came down to the breakfast-room one morning, and found it vacant. But upset chairs and other disorders roused her suspicions. She heard voices in the kitchen, and she sped thither.

She came upon a strange sight. The professor was tied in his chair at the head of the kitchen-table, though his arms were left free. One tramp was setting the table lavishly with the kitchen crockery, another was poking the range-fire, another was cutting huge slices of ham for the frying-pan, another was making coffee, while the professor's negro cook, ashy with fright, was frying batter-cakes by the dozen. Batter-cakes were anathema in the professor's estimation.

Julia would have turned to fly, but a tramp intercepted her and locked the door.

"You come along, you pore half-starved critter," he said, pityingly. "We are going to show you and the professor how to mastykate."

"Where's Mr.—? Where's Number Five?" wailed Miss Julia. The tramps had always been known by numbers.

"He wasn't agreeable to our plan," said her impromptu host, politely. "So we locked him down cellar, where he kin stay for the present. He hadn't no speret, nohow. He was willin' to eat any ole thing. Sit down, miss."

Julia complied, not daring to refuse.

In fifteen minutes the table was piled up with the most indigestible breakfast ever seen in that house; and the four "experiments," in wide-mouthed glee, began bolting flour batter-cakes and ham with a haste which left it doubtful if they really tasted anything.

But long custom, bred of their degenerate days, sanctified the method to them, and they grinned on the horrified professor, drinking his health in floods of strong coffee.

"If you foller this here system, which is founded on the discoveries of whats-whats," urged the largest hobo, as he poured a huge cupful of coffee for the indignant professor, "you will gain ten pounds in a day. And why? Because

you kin eat ten pounds, if you eat fast.

But the way you made us chaw, we couldn't tuck away more'n half as much."

"This is the reel American method we're showin' you," said another, wrapping a batter-cake around his fork. But half-way to his mouth, he let it pause, in horror.

Tramp Number Five, the substitute, had suddenly and noiselessly appeared, and was directing against them the wordless but powerful eloquence of two leveled revolvers.

"Open the outside door, Julia," said the substitute, calmly. "That's right. I thought I'd need these pistols in a few days. And now, my friends who have been so kindly educating the educator, you will give up your little plan, and you will march into the highway with your hands over your heads. So! Oh, don't hesitate! I'd blow any one of you to kingdom come. I mean it."

With wild, regretful glances at the interrupted feast, the four "experiments" backed out into the cold world.

When the substitute returned, explaining that he had picked the cellar lock with a piece of wire, Miss Julia cast herself sobbing into his arms—a proceeding which demoralized the professor worse than ever, as he sat lashed and helpless in his chair, the forbidden coffee smoking under his nose.

"Julia!" he thundered. "What are you doing? A tramp's arms! Disgraceful!"

"Oh, papa!" gasped Julia from her coign of vantage, quite untroubled by the ragged condition of the shoulder on which she leaned. "Don't call him names! He's no tramp. His income is bigger than yours. He's Albert Wingfield. You made me reject him once; but after what he has done for us you can't refuse him now!"

The professor recovered himself, but with difficulty.

"No," he said, reluctantly, "I suppose I can't." Then he added, decidedly, as a smell of scorching ham filled the room: "But hereafter I shall assuredly conduct all my experiments on quadrupeds. Bipedes possess too many elements of surprise."

## A MODERN "SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"

THE STORY OF THE SHIPWRECK OF A GREAT PACIFIC STEAMER WITH ITS  
DISTINGUISHED COMPANY OF PASSENGERS—HOW THEY LIVED FOR THREE  
YEARS ON AN ISLAND, AND THEIR FINAL RESCUE

By JOHN BRISBEN WALKER

### VIII

FOR two days Ralston's party had followed the contour of the island, their voyage uneventful after the encounter with the canoes in the great bay. The weather had gradually become unsettled, and by two o'clock in the afternoon of the second day it was evident that it would be necessary to seek some sort of harbor. As the waves increased in size, Ralston and Rodgers watched the coast-line with anxiety. It was toward nightfall when, rounding a headland, they found a little bay almost landlocked. It gave them shelter none too soon from waves that were now beginning to pile dangerously high.

With sails close reefed and the gasoline-engine under low speed, ready to reverse and make for the open sea should they happen on a flotilla of native canoes, Ralston moved cautiously into the smooth water; but there were no evidences of the presence of foes. To the left, a high-arched grotto opening in the very face of a cliff seemed to offer a place of concealment. Taking soundings and reversing the engine until the boat had scarcely a perceptible motion ahead, they moved forward until some fifty feet within the grotto, where they found a shelving beach, upon which the party disembarked.

They were in for a night of it, and the little beach was a relief from the boat's cramped quarters. A hasty exploration showed that they were not likely to be interrupted from without, impassable rocks rising up from the water's edge. But there seemed to be several galleries leading off into the interior of the mountain. Ralston felt that unless there was some enemy within the cavern, they would be fairly secure from attack,

at least until the waters without should subside.

Miss Warden took in charge the preparations for supper. A table-cloth was spread on the sand, and the fare temptingly arranged, with a boat's lamp as a centerpiece. Notwithstanding the storm that now raged without, the spirits of the party were high. Everything had seemed to favor them, even the finding of this harbor of refuge at the right hour.

After supper, Lieutenant Rodgers, accompanied by Miss Warden and Ralston, set out to examine the cavern more minutely. A tiny boat's lamp guided them in their exploration. One of the galleries was reached by steps cut in the rock. Beneath, a considerable volume of fresh water was issuing from a large crevice. Ralston in the advance, with Miss Warden in the center, Rodgers following, they climbed the stairway and entered the narrow gallery. They had proceeded some distance, when suddenly a large rock fell from the roof, and coming down between Miss Warden and Rodgers, cut the latter off from his companions. At the same time the lamp which Ralston carried was struck from his hand, and he and Miss Warden were seized and bound.

Rodgers, his advance cut off, called out; but his companions had been silenced in a way that left them no choice. Again and again Rodgers called. He struck a match and examined the stone which had closed the entrance. It fitted the passageway as exactly as if cut for the purpose. In fact, it looked suspiciously like the work of human intelligence.

When fully satisfied that nothing could be done, Rodgers rejoined the party in the grotto and reported the



catastrophe. They immediately returned with him and every effort was made to dislodge the rock, but it and the surrounding walls were of hardest gneiss. It would require tools quite different from any at their disposal. Apparently Ralston and Miss Warden had been swallowed up by the mountain; and after calling a hundred times without the faintest reply, the remaining members of the boat-party took their way back to the beach.

Here, to their astonishment, they discovered the members of Merryweather's party, who had just arrived in the grotto by way of one of the other galleries. It was a welcome meeting; the story of the last few days was told. Merryweather's disappearance and the blocking of the gallery almost exactly as in the case of Ralston and Miss Warden, indicated that the same mechanical means had been employed. Probably the same enemy had moved in both cases.

Evidently their danger was from within the mountain. The first duty was to put sentries at the ends of the two galleries. The next was to determine upon a plan of operations looking to the rescue of Merryweather, Miss Warden and Ralston. The council lasted for hours, resulting finally in the determination to proceed at once to camp, bring back a force by land sufficiently large to resist successfully any band of natives, together with powder and drilling-tools, and rescue their companions with the least possible delay.

But when the morning broke the sea was tossing in a way that made the entrance to the little harbor hazardous for such a boat as the "Pinta," and all day long they were compelled to sit gloomily and watch, while praying for clearing skies and a calmer sea. Again the guards were carefully placed for the night.

The same thing occurred on the second day, but on the third morning, as the light began to creep over the waters, it appeared that the risk would not be too great in venturing to the open sea. Once more the galleries were visited, the names of their lost friends called, but no response came, and in a melancholy mood

the boat was made ready for departure. There was a danger to be encountered in going out of the harbor. Undoubtedly their enemies knew of the presence of the boat. The mountain-side would offer a good vantage-point, and this must be taken into consideration.

When all was ready, the boat was pointed for the entrance and the high-speed thrown on. Swift as an arrow the "Pinta" shot out from the grotto. In its wake great boulders came plunging into the sea. A rain of arrows followed, but evidently the natives had not calculated on any such speed as the boat was developing. Both boulders and arrows fell short, and in a few moments they were safe in the open water. A stiff breeze was in their favor, and jib and mainsail were soon assisting the screw.

Their arrival in camp was greeted with great rejoicing, but created surprise and consternation over the disappearance of three important members of the ship's company. Captain Prescott hurried his preparations to go to the rescue of Ralston and his companions.

## IX

When Miss Warden was so suddenly cut off from Lieutenant Rodgers, she found herself in the dark, her arms bound, a bandage over her mouth, herself hurried along she knew not whither. After several ascents and descents, she emerged with her captor in the light of the forge-chamber into which Merryweather had been brought after his capture by Suzuki. She had been preceded by Ralston, whose revolver and knife had been removed, and from whose mouth the gag was being taken as she entered. He looked at her and laughed.

"Well, this is good enough for a comic opera. Where's Rodgers?" he asked. But she was unable to tell what had become of him.

The Japanese, who had disappeared for a moment after disarming his prisoner, now returned. His face bore a determined and by no means pleasant expression.

"Your friend Rodgers is safe, but cut off from you," he said.

Ralston and Miss Warden turned with



astonishment at the sound of the English words. Then they looked around the extraordinary chamber; took in the forge, its chimney, the stamp-mill and the rushing stream; then, in astonishment, once more at their captor. Miss Warden turned toward the Japanese. Her eyes sparkled. She was in her most fascinating mood. Beauty exercises its powers the world over. The expression on Suzuki's face relaxed.

"You are a lady: if you will give me your word of honor that you will not unbind your fellow prisoners or take advantage in any way of your liberty, I will take off your bonds."

The language was that of Boston—the accent just a trifle Japanese.

"What shall I do?" She had turned to Ralston.

"Accept your liberty," he replied.

"Thank you." She turned her eyes fully upon the Japanese and spoke graciously. His manner was now quite different from that of the man who had taken Merryweather prisoner. He went off and brought from a dark corner a bamboo-case, which he offered to her as a seat. Then, disappearing for a moment through a side gallery, he returned with his first prisoner, Merryweather.

There was an enthusiastic greeting between those in captivity. After expressions of mutual surprise, the story of the two trips was told, the Japanese listening attentively. Evidently he had been misinformed as to who the arrivals on the island were. When he learned that a twenty-four-thousand-ton steamship had been thrown on its shores, he looked greatly surprised. His plans were evidently miscarrying. What was possible to a few individuals would not answer in the case of a great ship-load. He walked off by himself, thoughtfully. Returning presently, he said:

"You are both gentlemen: if I give you the freedom of your limbs, will you pledge me that you will take no advantage in any way?"

Ralston hesitated.

"I don't know," he said. "I think perhaps I should prefer to be ready to embrace an opportunity."

"At all events," Merryweather spoke

up, "we can take our freedom until tomorrow. Then we can determine upon what terms we are to continue here."

Suzuki called his native and they unbound their captives. Then from various quarters he proceeded to bring forth supplies of cooked rice, of dried fish and fruits. These he arranged tastefully on a coarse mat of bamboo, and presently invited Miss Warden and the others to take seats in Japanese fashion on the mat, which was large enough to serve for both table and seats.

Removed from the fear of immediate death, the spirits of the entire party were at the highest. Miss Warden joked, quizzed her captor as to his motives, drew out Merryweather on his adventures, and consoled Ralston. Before the meal was half over, Suzuki had forgotten the deadly purpose which he had communicated to Merryweather. He began to realize that a party would be sent out from the camp large enough to capture not only his stronghold, but, if necessary, the native villages themselves. As in the case of Ralston, there had come a new interest into his life. Even his great discovery seemed no longer of importance in the presence of this delightful woman.

During the meal, the conversation turned to radium. Merryweather explained the wonderful illumination of the cavern and Suzuki's metallurgical discoveries. Ralston himself had taken considerable interest in the subject, so that for more than an hour it was discussed. Meanwhile, Suzuki's brain had been active.

"Well, what are you going to do with us?" asked Miss Warden, finally.

Suzuki arose and bowed profoundly.

"There is but one thing," he said—"to become your most humble slave. Let me show you to your resting-places. To-morrow we shall talk the matter over. I have changed my plans, and you may sleep without worry."

On the following morning, Suzuki, after replying his captives, disappeared, leaving his native attendant on guard. Nor did he return that night, or the following morning. When he finally turned up, he explained:

"I have been to the villages, talking with our chiefs. I have persuaded them that they must accept the new arrivals as friends. I had hoped to be back in time to communicate with the other members of your party, but the men on guard on the hill above told me that they escaped early this morning."

Ralston and Merryweather were all attention. Merryweather's anxiety had been relieved the instant he found that Suzuki was an educated metallurgist, but he had not understood enough of the man to know that his mind might not contain some crank which would be dangerous. Now, however, it was all becoming clear, and the Japanese promised to be of positive assistance in arranging terms with their fellow islanders, and preventing further difficulties. It was resolved that they would spend the night in the cavern and start early the following morning.

Captain Prescott and his party of rescuers had started early from the camp and been traveling for several hours, when they suddenly caught sight of waving handkerchiefs, and in a moment more recognized Merryweather and Ralston. The greetings were enthusiastic, and what had happened in camp since Ralston's departure, and the adventures of Merryweather and Miss Warden, were told to interested listeners. Suzuki proposed that Captain Prescott and his party should return to camp, and he would bring in the chiefs of the villages for conference.

It was still early in the afternoon when the expedition returned. The lost ones were welcomed enthusiastically, and that night the great tent contained a party as joyous and as hopeful as on that first evening which had been so rudely interrupted.

Sure enough, the next morning Suzuki arrived, accompanied by a dozen chiefs and subchiefs. They were escorted into the great tent, and the committees gathered to meet them. The conference which followed was interesting. The natives seemed by no means the savages which their attack on the camp had indicated; and it developed that Suzuki was in no way responsible for what had

taken place, the native priests having urged the warriors to battle.

After the morning's conference, the chiefs were sent off to inspect the "Manchu." Their villages, numbering over five hundred souls, were too formidable not to make their friendship desirable. It was therefore deemed best to impress them, as indeed Suzuki, who now comprehended the strength of the new arrivals on the island, was easily able to do.

Upon their return from going over the wonders of the great ship, a second conference was held and a treaty of peace definitely entered into. A new committee was formed under Merryweather, charged with the maintenance of friendly relations with the natives, and Suzuki was made a member, and when the assembly heard the story of Suzuki's work in the caverns, yet another committee was formed—on Mines and Metallurgy, with Suzuki himself as chairman.

## X

Thus in a little while very serious complexities had been cleared up. Safe transit throughout the island now being provided for, more ambitious schemes of residence began to be formulated. The camp was proving too narrow in its confines. The busybodies were becoming uncomfortable in their close proximity to their neighbors.

Colonel Stetson, who had been making a rough topographical survey of that part of the island between the camp and the great bay, recommended as a site for the new town a semicircle of low hills with a plateau nearly a mile in width stretching out between the hills and the bluffs along the sea. There was good water in the hills, and this exceptional location seemed to meet every requirement of both beauty and health.

Under direction of the committees, Colonel Stetson prepared a map which should allow to each residence-plot a width of three hundred feet—near enough for neighbors, yet beyond the ken of curiosity—with a length of eight hundred feet, giving an area of nearly six acres. When the map was complete, these plats were numbered, and the entire colony being gathered together,

the numbers were placed in a bag and each permitted to draw.

As fast as the numbers were taken from the bag, the names were entered upon the map. The result was, as expected, the juxtaposition of many widely dissimilar tastes. For nearly a week the camp was engaged in straightening out this tangle. Friends who were desirous of being neighbors hunted up those with adjoining lots and effected by one means or another the desired exchange.

A rule was adopted that no house could be started until the plans should be approved by the committee having the matter in charge. Fortunately, there was on this committee an architect of genius and versatility. Although his life had been spent in designing skyscrapers, his adaptability was equal to any occasion, and he succeeded in sketching out designs for log construction that were at once graceful and models of convenience.

These preliminaries arranged for, the camp took on increased activity. The official hours for labor were no longer adhered to. There was now to be gratified that master passion of the race—the building of a “home.” The architect was put in charge of the skilled carpenters and masons who were discovered amongst the ship’s party. These he moved from place to place in such a way as to give instruction and assistance where most needed. “Rutherford Morris himself was ubiquitous. He was to be found wherever the need was greatest for his building skill.

A sawmill which had been shipped for a destination on the head-waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, was brought to light among the endless stores of the “Manchu.” At the suggestion of Suzuki, this had been transported to the vicinity of his laboratory. The water which fell upon the stamp-mill in the radium cavern was part of a greater stream coming down from the mountain above. At a convenient waterfall a crude wheel twenty feet in diameter was built, and after a month’s hard work, sawed boards were being turned out and rafted ready to be towed around to camp. A small planing-mill which was likewise on the ship’s

manifest was put in position on the deck of the “Manchu” and belted to a donkey-engine. Upon the arrival of the first raft, the boards were hoisted to the deck of the “Manchu,” and, after being carefully dried, put through the planer.

When the sawmill was first discovered, there was a question as to an “expert” who could operate it. John Lodge was still in the hospital, his wound having proved much more serious than at first thought. No one else knew aught of sawmills until the archbishop came forward. Before entering the seminary to study for the ministry, he had served an apprenticeship in a sawmill. That was a long time ago, but he set his memory to work, went over and over the various pieces of the machinery, and finally expressed a desire to try. So the good archbishop borrowed a pair of overalls from the ship’s engineer and moved over to the cavern, where he took charge of the erection of water-wheel and mill. Before all was completed, John Lodge was convalescent, and went to relieve the archbishop. The latter persisted in remaining, however. “*Laborare est orare*,” he said, and actually put the saw through the first thousand feet of boards with his own hand on the controlling lever.

Merryweather and Suzuki who had become fast friends, now went off together on exploring expeditions. Suzuki had observed some coal blossoms near Wreath Mountain. At the remembered place there were indications, but too slight to promise anything worth working.

However, by following the outcropping, after a couple of miles they came upon a part of the mountain where there had been a “slide,” sweeping away the earth covering and fully exposing the stratification. There was a six-foot vein of lignite with but five or six inches of slate near the center. It seemed to lie in nearly a horizontal position, with a good chance for drainage. Here was a discovery, indeed, and Merryweather and his Japanese friend hurried back to camp to report their find and exhibit specimens of this valuable fuel.

Colonel Stetson, in continuing his work of the topographical survey, found that

by deflecting his main thoroughfare a trifle, it would pass near the newly discovered mines. A steam-lorry which was being shipped out from London for use on Japanese roads would serve admirably, with its two auxiliary wagons, for the carriage of coal to camp.

But the roads as first built were too soft, and the lorry proved to be of no avail, until the purser fished up from the inexhaustible resources of the steamer a stone-crusher and road-roller, also going out to Japan. Then, a deposit of blue limestone being found, the highway was first rounded up in a curve rising ten inches in its twenty-one feet of width, then rolled from end to end; on this compacted sand and clay, limestone, crushed so as to pass through a quarter-of-an-inch screen, was distributed in a thin layer, again rolled, and another coating of limestone put on. This construction was suggested by experimental work which Ralston had seen around New York with the blue limestone of the Hudson. The result proved an ideal road; and the highway being extended to the sawmill, the lumber was no longer rafted, but brought overland by lorry.

Merryweather, continuing his geological survey of the island, came one day, while climbing a mountain-gulch, upon a shining nugget. It lay in a stone basin beneath a ledge of rock over which it had evidently been washed in a recent storm. He carried it back to camp, and returned next day with some roughly constructed sluice-boxes and half a dozen companions. Sure enough, the sand of the gulch contained much gold, and following it up step by step, Merryweather came finally to a ledge of

rock which to his practised eye promised to be a gold-bearing ledge. He broke off and carried to Suzuki's smelting apparatus specimens of this rock. As he had guessed, when subjected to a fierce heat, minute particles of gold made their appearance over the gray ore, proving its wonderful richness. Not that gold was likely to be of very much value to the occupants of this Pacific island, but Merryweather shared with all others of the ship's company the belief that their residence in this remote spot was to be but temporary, and that sooner or later they would find means of escape; if indeed they were not discovered by ships sent in search of them.

It is to be doubted, however, had there been no dear ones left behind, if there would have been any very great anxiety to leave this delightful island. From day to day new riches were discovered, until it became a standing joke that if you did not see just what you wished, you had only to look around carefully to discover it.

Now that the native islanders were no longer unfriendly, little parties were organized for exploration. These were made up very largely upon a social basis. There was also revived an ancient custom of the Americans who first went into the backwoods; that is, the log-raising bee. After the timbers were on the ground and hewn ready for use in the proposed house, a party of friends came together, who by their combined efforts were able to pick up and put in position the logs which would have been almost impossible for two or three to handle. A dance followed the putting in place of the last log; and following the dance came refreshments.

*(To be continued)*



## THE TRAMP HERD

By AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND

WHEN Katharine Halloran stepped aside at the corral-bars to permit Gruyer to come out with a snort and a rush, she experienced a fine thrill of victory, for had she not, unaided, lassoed, saddled and bridled him? Moreover, she proposed to ride him! Not since the day she stole the cup-custard, in the eleventh year of her age, had she felt so deliciously daring and disobedient. The sensation was distinctly pleasurable. Had Jim Halloran not "forbidden" her to ride Gruyer, Katharine would have made the effort, at least, to conquer her insistent impulse to mount and dash off every time she saw that beautiful bunch of nerves and muscles done up within Gruyer's mouse-colored coat. But long ago Jim Halloran had developed the habit of giving orders and of having his orders respected, and he had so far failed to see any necessity, moral or diplomatic, for modifying his manner of making his preferences known to the young person who had been his wife for a matter of three months. This young person had resented what she termed the indignity of it, and resolved upon rebellion. This morning, Jim's manner had struck her as being unnecessarily abrupt and irritating. To be sure, another tramp sheep-herd was skirting the northern boundary of his range, threatening to slip over "the line" when the opportunity offered, but even that, she considered, was not sufficient justification for the terseness of his parting admonition for her to "keep off all of those young horses." Jim had been gone an hour and she was preparing to ride Gruyer, the youngest and most alluringly rebellious of them all.

Her grievance against her husband, this morning, was twofold. He had been wilfully inexplicit about his proposed absence from home; and he had, on leaving, flung back, as it were, in the presence of several of the cowboys, the order about the horses. Katharine Hal-

loran was enough years younger than Jim Halloran to make her relationship appear at best subordinate, and she deemed Jim's action on this occasion an unwarrantable emphasis upon the fact. That Jim Halloran, the capable, forceful, inexorable Jim Halloran, treated the rest of mankind in precisely the same way, did not, in her eyes, extenuate the offense against her, the wife whom he had chosen to share his life and interests.

As Gruyer now stood with dilated nostrils and quivering flanks, Katharine felt her blood warm. It was her greatest pride that she was accounted the best horsewoman in the county. Had Jim Halloran been there to see the performance, his anger at his wife's disobedience must have given way to admiration of his wife's prowess. With one hand grasping the cheek-piece of the bridle and the other clutching the reins and the saddle-horn, she placed one foot in the stirrup. Gruyer snorted and came about with a force calculated to fling her to the ground, but this very momentum, she warily, skilfully so contrived it, swung her into the saddle. It was a pretty maneuver, this contest of girl and horse, this matching of human wits against brute strength. Gruyer bore away down the canyon with strides which flung a hail of gravel behind him. Her eyes shining, her hair fluttering about her glowing cheeks, her hat awry, Katharine Halloran sat her mount with the ease and grace of an Indian and exulted in her defection.

After a while, Gruyer bowed to the inevitable. At a canter he rounded the point of Chemise Flat, a picture-bit of rolling country set in a majestic frame of pine-bristling mountains guarding its smiling acres with a somber benignity. Chemise Flat was to Katharine a consoling presence, inviting to relaxation and tranquillity of soul. To-day the place beamed upon her the assuring welcome of a familiar friend.



The air was crisp, with a smell in it of winter frostiness, but underfoot was a wonderful carpet, a texture of changeable hue, a glint of green caught within the nap of the seared grass. Katharine threw her head back and sniffed the air with the abandon of a wild thing. The horse quivering with life under her, the spirit of spring about her, all vexation of spirit shut away beyond the barrier of circling mountains—Katharine laughed aloud! Was it her voice that made Gruyer swerve suddenly from the path? When she had regained control of him, Katharine sat listening. A faint sound, with a human quality in it, fell upon her ear. She strained forward to catch a repetition. Almost at her feet it sounded again, and from behind a decaying log appeared, waveringly, a small white object, that came forward bleating. Gruyer, as befitted his cow-pony ancestry, manifested his disapproval of anything wearing wool, by snorting loudly and backing off in deep disgust. The lamb came on with unsteady strides, and eager bleats in which was the human note, the wail of the lost little one. Such a tiny thing it was, such a mere speck of life in the midst of the great insensate world about it! Katharine stared at it bewildered, with a sense of helplessness upon her.

With that cry in her ears she could not ride on, and it was almost a certainty that she could not dismount, capture it, and remount with it in her arms; Gruyer in no wise shared her sympathy for a lost lamb. In the end she yielded to the stronger impulse. Dismounting was in itself no small achievement, but it was the least of her difficulties. At every approach of the obnoxious woolly thing, Gruyer threw himself backward with the petulance of a spoiled child. Katharine's hands ached with the strain of holding him. Across the flat moved the base of operations, the protesting cow-pony retreating by vicious backward jerks, the girl struggling to effect a simultaneous hold of her bridle-reins and the pursuing lamb; but always as she was reaching forth to grasp the latter, she was compelled to return two-handed to the business of controlling Gruyer. And when at last

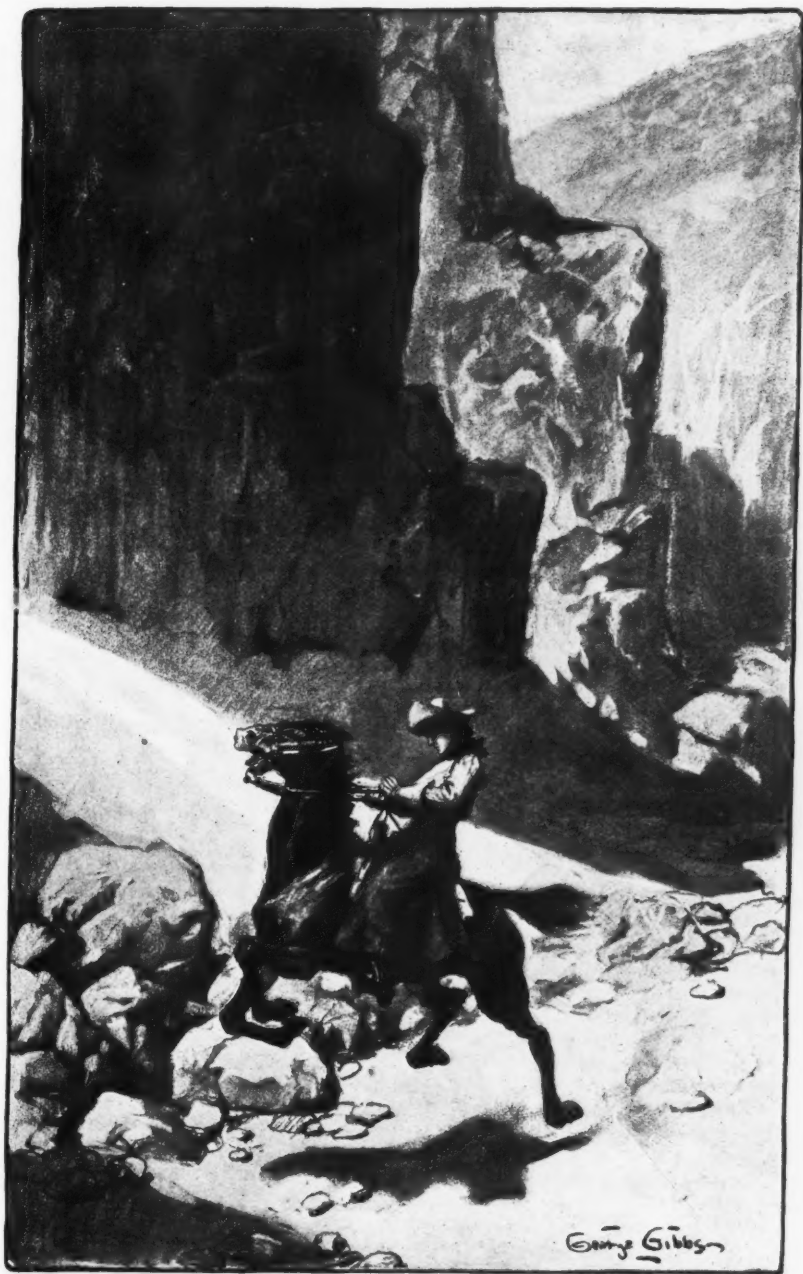
she managed to seize the lamb by the short wool of its back, the outraged pony, with a sweep upward onto his hind legs and a wrathful fling of his head, jerked the reins from her tired hand and betook himself swiftly from the hated presence. Katharine, holding the lamb across her arm, watched him disappear over a distant ridge, and then sat down limply. Here were the first fruits of her disobedience. She was ten steep miles from home, and the best of Jim's young horses was abroad, with the handsome saddle which Jim had given her for a wedding-present. She well knew the grave doubt there was of recovering either before permanent injury had been received—if at all.

But she had the lamb.

She looked down at the abject little wretch in her lap and laughed mirthlessly. Already it had begun to assume the dimensions of the proverbial white elephant. Then, for the first time, it flashed into her mind that the herd from which it must have been lost should be somewhere close at hand. This possibility had not occurred to her at once, because she was in the very heart of Jim's "range," an unlikely and certainly unsafe place for any sheep-herd. The name of Jim Halloran was one of direful portent to the native mind, and it was a cause for surprise if any Mexican should have had the temerity to trespass beyond Jim's arbitrarily established "line." "Donde esta la línea?" was the respectful inquiry of every "pastor" who brought his flock into Jim's end of the county, and when Jim, with a wide sweep of his arm, had gathered unto himself, as it were, a score of miles of the public domain, the question of boundary was considered settled. A badly wrecked herder or two had, in times past, retired from a sally onto Jim's range an object-lesson to his fellows.

Therefore, this small bit of sheep-kind nestling in the lap of Jim's wife was a harbinger of trouble. Katharine looked down upon the little thing with a doubtful light in her eyes. She recalled Jim's repeated declaration that he would make of the first herder he





*Drawn by George Gibbs*

"Bore away down the canyon with strides which flung a hail of gravel behind"

caught over the line such a warning to the Mexican race in general that another would "think long and hard" before committing a like offense. Katharine knew that Jim was not a man of idle words. She got to her feet with an uneasy foreboding but a defined resolve in her mind. She would climb to the top of one of the mountains, and if from that commanding position she could see the flock, she would go to it and persuade the herders to seek safer ground.

With the lamb in her arms, she made the long, tedious ascent of the highest peak and stood panting and hot on the summit. Faintly there came to her, wafted upward on the stirring air, a monotone of sound, a single minor note—the blend of a thousand throaty bleats. Thus guided, she scrambled down the opposite side of the mountain as painfully and toilsomely as she had come up. At the base she came upon the camp—a semicircular brush wind-break and a smoldering fire upon which simmered a pot of coffee. A hundred yards down the ravine, a large brush corral gave to the camp an air of permanency. As she stood looking for a human presence, a half-grown boy appeared around the corner of the corral. In each hand he trailed, by one hind leg, a dead lamb, which he tossed carelessly upon a heap of similar corpses. Katharine started toward him, but at her first step she stopped. Almost under her foot came a scarcely audible sound—the last gasp of a dying lamb. The tiny creature in her arms, she suddenly realized, was but one of hundreds. A wave of indignation swept over her, indignation that any man should bring such wholesale suffering upon dumb and helpless animals. "Lambing" in March meant suffering to the new-born creatures, if not positive annihilation, if, as in the present case, a cold snap, always to be expected, should occur. The greed for the few extra cents which the older lambs would bring in the September market, and the eagerness to realize on the wool (shearing follows upon the lambing), had led the present owner to take big chances, and Fate, in

guise of a cold wave, had grimly won.

Katharine approached the boy and questioned him, speaking his native tongue with the fluency of one reared amid his race. He told her that the mayordomo was watering the "ganado" at Contreras. Contreras, Katharine recalled, was a "sepe" spring which Jim had "developed" but which was not of sufficient flow to make it worth his while to acquire a title. The boy, with a shrug of his shoulders in answer to Katharine's exclamation of pity, returned to his task of making ready the funeral-pyre.

Still holding her lamb to her breast, Katharine continued down the ravine toward Contreras. As she approached, the incessant din of a lamb-herd grew louder. The single note resolved itself into the thousand separate sounds, as the restless ewes called ceaselessly for the unanswering lambs. From a distance the herd appeared to be one heaving mass of animal life, a formless protoplasmic organism. Beneath four thousand crowding hoofs lay the single trough of Contreras spring, drained of its last drop, giving only a maddening suggestion of water. On the hillside overlooking the pathetic spectacle, unmoved and immovable, sat a low-browed Mexican smoking a far-smelling cigarette. He nodded curtly in response to Katharine's greeting, but showed no surprise at her unexplained presence.

"Are these your sheep?" she demanded. The man nodded.

"Why don't you take them where they can get a drink?" she asked, sharply.

"Don't know any place but this," the man replied, comfortably.

"Haven't you a ranch of your own?"

"No, I take my sheep to the mountains in winter and they eat snow. In summer, I find rain-water lakes, or maybe I rent water two or three times. If I don't have a ranch, I don't have to pay taxes." He smoked on placidly.

"How long since these sheep have had water?" Katharine asked, sternly.

"I've camped here seven days. They'll all get water in time."

"All get water in time!" Katharine flung back. "The strong ones will get



*Drawn by George Gibbs*

"The physical sensation of movement against her heart took on a new significance"

a little every day, and the weak ones none at all."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm Jim Halloran's wife," Katharine began, persuasively, "and I tell you that you better get off Jim Halloran's range. He's dangerous when he gets angry."

For the first time, the man roused. He took the cigarette from his mouth, and an evil light shone in his eye. Patting a long Winchester which lay on the ground beside him, he spoke with covert malignity. "Jim Halloran don't own this land. He don't own this water. I'll talk to Jim Halloran with this if he comes near here. I won't get off of this range."

"But your sheep will all die if you stay here," Katharine answered, forgetting everything but that spectacle of suffering before her eyes. A look of cunning crept into the Mexican's face.

"Yes, they will all die, poor things," he said, with well-feigned sorrow, "but I'm a poor man. I have no ranch. Over there"—he pointed toward a distant chain of hills—"over there is a big spring—sixteen troughs. I will pay you four sheep to let me water one time there. Then I take my sheep and go away."

The "big spring" was one of the finest of Jim's many watering-places. The audacity of the proposal was not lost upon Katharine. She was on the point of rejecting it indignantly, when the lamb in her arms struggled feebly, bleating eagerly toward the seething sheep-mass at the trough. The physical sensation of movement against her heart took on a new significance. She saw, not with eyes calculating human advantage, but with a vision of the spirit. These were sentient creatures like oneself!

"You may water there, once. Then you go away," she said, deliberately.

The Mexican came to his feet buoyantly. "Very good, very good," he chuckled. "How will you take your four sheep?"

"Oh, I have no use for four sheep," returned Katharine. "I even wish to return this lamb to you."

The Mexican again shrugged his shoul-

ders. "Put it down," he said, indifferently. "It will die to-night. I don't try to save any lambs now. I shall leave all behind that are alive when I move the herd."

"What?" gasped Katharine. "You'll leave the little things to starve?"

"They'll freeze to-night," was the calm rejoinder. "It's lots of trouble to knock them all in the head."

"You'll knock every one or you sha'n't water at that spring," cried Katharine, hotly. "Oh, the cruelty, the inexcusable cruelty of you tramp-sheep men!"

The Mexican shrugged his shoulders. "All right; I'll knock them."

Katharine looked down at the woolly morsel in her arms with conflicting emotions. Very simple would it be to put it down and leave it to the fate of its fellows, and very burdensome it would be to carry it those twelve miles home, where it would require months of care and feeding. But suddenly she realized that again the choice was not really hers. She could no more leave it now than she could have ridden away at first. With a parting admonition to the man to leave not a single lamb alive when he moved his herd, Katharine turned her face homeward, the lamb in her arms.

Then, for the first time, the full significance of what she had done came to her. At the thought of the day of reckoning with Jim, her heart failed her. Her wilful defiance in the matter of the horse she was prepared to defend, but the granting permission to a despised tramp herd to swoop down upon Jim's choicest piece of range was a different problem. She realized that, in one breath, she had undone the work of years, had broken the all-powerful precedent established at the cost of eternal vigilance, much vehemence and some bloodshed—the precedent that no wool-bearing animal should cross "the line." And yet, Katharine reflected, the herd was already on forbidden ground, forbidden to be sure, because of Jim's arbitrary word; and the usurper, if such indeed he really were, had proposed to fight in behalf of his right. This was the first overt act with which Jim would

have had to deal, although it was generally apprehended by the stockmen that the day of "bluff" was fast disappearing and that the cow-range could no longer be protected from the sod-destroying hoofs of the great woolly flocks which swarm over mountain and valley of New Mexico's fertile acres. Six million sheep the last census gave, and two million of them tramps, those homeless, wandering, tax-dodging pirates. So long as there remained millions of acres of public domain and the tax-gatherer was not ubiquitous, the tramp herd would continue to exist. Occasionally, one would be driven to bay by the inability to get water, as in the event of winters of little snow or summers of drought, and he forced to pay its passage, so to speak, by buying a watering-right from some lenient ranchman. Katharine went over these facts in her mind as she swung along down the canyons or over steep ridges, homeward. She was seeking for a plausible presentation of the case to Jim. She had never seen Jim roused in anger, but she felt that the possibilities in that direction were not trivial, and nothing provoked him to quicker wrath than the mention of a tramp sheep-herd.

She was coming down a steep hillside with a series of short jumps, when she caught sight of a horseman riding swiftly up the draw toward her. A second glance assured her that it was Jim—Jim whom she supposed to be miles away on his road to town! He had evidently not seen her, and Katharine stood motionless, her heart thumping queerly within her. The reckoning was at hand!

As Jim approached, however, a new emotion swept over her. In his face were lines of suffering such as she had never seen before; the eyes were dark with the haunted look in them; the mouth was set and white.

"Jim, Jim, oh, Jim!" she called, anxiously. "Jim, what is the matter, dear?"

The man fairly reeled in the saddle. Then, with a bound, he brought his horse close to her and flung himself off beside her. With an inarticulate cry, he snatched her to him. Katharine felt him tremble, and wondered greatly.

At last he looked down into her eyes with such tenderness, such a world of relief and joy in the look, that the girl's own eyes filled with sympathetic tears.

"What is it, Jim?" she asked.

"We found Gruyer and the saddle," he replied, huskily. "Oh, darling, I've suffered the torment of the damned for the last hour."

And Katharine knew that never again could such a thing as "disobedience" be possible.

"Jim, I'm so sorry," she murmured.

Then she stood off and looked at him with a queer little smile, but it was with perfect trust and confidence. "Jim, I must tell you how I happen to have this," she said, simply, holding the lamb out toward him.

Jim listened gravely, sitting beside her on the steep hillside, holding one of her hands within his own. And when she had finished, he sat looking off across miles of rolling country with eyes which did not see what lay before them. After what seemed to Katharine an interminable silence, he spoke with his wonted deliberation.

"Girl," he said, "I came over here to find where this herd was and to put it off of my range. I meant to put it off in one way or another. That was the reason I did not explain to you where I was going. I should have killed that Mexican as sure as there is a heaven above us, if he had refused to go peaceably. Yes, I would have done it," he repeated, in response to her dissenting exclamation. "I would have killed the herder and turned the herd adrift." He paused, looking at her with tender eyes. Then he resumed. "But I can hardly do that now." He laughed shortly. "You've forestalled it quite effectually. And, Katharine, girl, I'm glad, glad of it."

When she raised her face from his shoulder, she asked. "What will you do?"

"Well," he began, slowly, "I believe that you have made the only possible solution there is to the problem. I shall follow your lead and go into the sheep business myself."

Katharine looked down at the lamb asleep in her lap and smiled.



*Drawn by Max F. Klepper*

" "You're goin' to marry me," I says. "an' when will you do it?" "



## A January Thaw



By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

THE snow was still deep, and though the sun was warm in sheltered places, a raw January wind cut through the open. On the roof of Shelby Howard's stable the straw thatch steamed in the sun, and the melting snow fell in sullen drops upon the soggy chips of the wood-pile beneath. In the barn-yard a horse whinnied, the chickens croaked and scratched around the corn-crib, and a group of sleek Jersey cows ate their way deeper into the yellow-gray cone of a straw-stack eaten away to a pillar at its base.

"Shell" Howard sat on a keg in the sunny south door of the stable and greased harness industriously. He was a white-bearded, blue-eyed old man, fully six-feet-two in his stockings, and weighing nearly three hundred pounds. His coon-skin cap was pulled down over his ears, his blue overalls were thrust into his clumsy felt boots, and a faded red "comforter" was wound about the collar of his worn old coat.

On a box near by, a slender young fellow of twenty or so sat, and cleaned his gun, nodding now and then a necessary assent or denial to something in the old man's speech—a quaint speech that was the delight of the neighborhood, and was so seldom interrupted that it was often pure soliloquy.

As Shell polished a brass ring to brightness, he suddenly burst into a great

hearty laugh, followed by a chuckle that seemed to work slowly upward from somewhere in the region of his boots. The young man looked up from his gun inquiringly.

"Beats all, Bud, the stacks of work a feller can find aoutside when he'd orter be washin' dishes. There's dishes, dirty ones, under the bed an' everywhere. Donno haow we'll manage dinner this noon. Thought I'd take all day to it Sunday, but somehaow I hated to git at the job. I promised Marthy I'd git the widder Jones to come in an' redd up, but it's so bad naow that I dassen't. Some women talks, an' she might think Marthy left it like that.

"D'I tell ye haow she come to go East? Well, she'd never been back to see her folks, an' when I sold the hawgs last month, an' didn't see no particular hole a-yawnin' for the cash, I took an' dumped it in her lap, an' I says: 'Marthy, I'm tired of seein' you raound eternally an' all the time! You git you a bunnit an' a new dress an' clear aout. You can stay three months if you want, an' then git back before spring cleanin'.' So she went. It's been only three weeks yit, an' you know what that there haouse looks like—the hind wheels of destruction! She left it neat as a hen's apron. I jest hate to think abaout gittin' dinner."

As his black-greased, horny hands

rubbed away at a tug, the old fellow rambled on.

"I tell ye, batchin's ongodly business for a man that's knowed better for thirty year! But it ain't bad for a feller to have his own way long enough to see it ain't no good. When it comes to women's work a man don't know enough to put in tea.

"Beats all old White's cattle haow warm the sun is to-day. Reg'lar old Jenuary thaw. Great hat, but this weather calls back old times! I was batchin' it thirty year ago like you'n me are naow, only I was all alone. That was when I fust begun shyin' raound her. 'F I hadn't a-been batchin' the other feller he mighter come aout ahead. But that's t'other end of the story. Here, let me show you haow to clean that lock.

"Oh! abaout her? 'Twas this way. The' was too many teachers East, an' too few West, so to even things up, Marthy left Massachussets an' come'n got a Iowy school—right in aour distric'—tough school, too, I tell ye! She was purty an' smart an' clean grit, an' when them black eyes of hern snapped, things had to gee! She tamed or turned aout the rowdies, an' run that school in great style. But she was mighty good-natured an' purty-spoken too, an' before long most of the young fellers was dyin' for a chanst to lay down an' let her walk on 'em—all but Ez Bixby an' me. Ez he knowed a woman don't fancy what comes too easy, an' I wan't built on the worm plan then, an' ain't naow. So we two seemed to have the best chanst. Before Marthy appeared on the scene, Ez had been a-goin' stiddy with Anna Mary Beecham, but I had steered aout raound the gals mostly up to that time.

"All't ever started me after Marthy at first was a sinful desire to see if I could cut Ez aout. Hadn't nothin' clear agin Ez 'cept I didn't think he was playin' Anna Mary jest fair, but the feller wa'n't clean-cut, somehaow—sagged over the aidges too much, like slack-baked bread. You never knowed jest where he stood on politics or religion or anything. I wa'n't goin' to scatter posies in his path to a gal like Marthy, an' I made it interstin' for him.

"Well, it was the old story of two to one, Marthy bein' the one, an' me an' Ez abaout neck an' neck in the race for her. First one of us an' then t'other took her to everything goin'—church, sociables, spellin'- an' singin'-school, an' parties an' bees.

"In most things Ez an' me stood abaout even; I had me a little haouse an' forty acre of land, an' he had him the same, an' the schoolhaouse an' Marthy was abaout half-way between us. He was ten year older'n me 'n her, an' some ahead in experience, havin' been married an' lost his woman before he come aour way. An' he could haousekeep to beat bees—which wan't helpful to him in the end. But I ain't tellin' that naow.

"I was as young as spring greens then, an' bigger'n all aoutdoors. I was rougher'n a yearlin' colt, an' I didn't know enough to be afeared of anything. But from the way the gals looked at me, I guess I didn't need to be skeered of lookin'-glasses, an' I could play the fiddle an' the sweet pertater, too, to lift ye off your feet. Onct at a soldiers' reunion— Well, I'll git the old thing aout an' play for ye some time if I ain't forgot haow.

"There! That'll do for old Daisy's gearin'—I can work while I talk, but it goes easier when I jest set an' chew a straw. Always faound it hard business to have to talk so much," and the old fellow's lovable chuckle worked upward again.

"Well, Ez was little an' dapper an' purty-mannered. He read them love-novels, an' sang tenor in the Methodis' choir, an' wrote po'try when folks died. Some said his wife died after a year because it was easier than livin' with him any longer. But I donno.

"Ez an' me was friendly enough aout-side; it was easier to keep tab on each other that way than by bein' hateful openly, but the' wa'n't no love lost between us. It was nip an' tuck which would git Marthy—or at least we both thought so then. It come aout afterwards which she'd favored all along.

"Long abaout Christmas-time, it looked like he was gittin' ahead. She went with

him twict to my onct. I was sore all through, for I wan't playin' any more—I was bound to git her. I kep' on tryin', but I hadn't much hope, for I'd begun to size myself up, like I'd orter done before, an' on better acquaintance I didn't like myself much. An' batchin' begun to git on my nerves for the first time. You see, I had lost my good mother a year before that.

"Well, bein' a hasty idiot, I overdone things by poppin' the question to Marthy at every turn, an' she got in the way of sayin' No real nice an' pleasant, like she didn't mind bein' asked a mite, an' rather expected the attention! It had got so's Ez an' me took her sleighin' turn an' turn abaout, him one Saturday an' me the next, reg'lar, till by New Year's she'd told me No nine times—accordin' to my caount. She says 'twas twelve, but I can't see haow she makes that aout—I ain't never been conscious of but nine. But I donno.

"Next thing, Ez he made a master play. One Saturday, mine of course, it stormed so's me'n Marthy couldn't ride, an' the next Friday he give her a party. He had his place all fixed up, gittin' trusted for the furniture, as I knowed. All our crowd went, an' he fell over hisself to give us a good time, but all evenin' he stuck so close to Marthy I couldn't git in a word with her. I'd took Anna Mary, as I always did unless Ez did, so's she wouldn't be left aout, an' that night, for the first time, I done my best to act up like sin with her. I couldn't make it, though; she was mighty still an' queer, like she'd been for some time, an' she wouldn't tell what was the matter. I played my fiddle while the rest danced the 'Virginny Reel.' Couldn't no one come up to Marthy dancin'. She was tall an' easy-movin', an' spirited as a thoroughbred colt. She always held her head uncommon high, an' that night her cheeks blazed red. She acted like she didn't see me, but I faound aout afterwards Ez had told her I was only payin' her attention to make Anna Mary jealous.

"That night I went home feelin' purty squelched. It certainly was clever of the cuss to give that party the night be-

fore his Saturday, an' when he knowed I hadn't had a word with her for near two weeks.

"Well, next mornin' they passed my place in his new cutter, him with arm over the back of the seat behind her, though to this day she declares she never knowed it was there! Beats all haow little a real bright gal can seem to know sometimes. I wanted to kill him, but I had sense enough to take my spite aout on the wood-pile, which is the only thing I dass git mad at. But I can tell you I did some tall thinkin'.

"I decided to act independent, so the next Wednesday I took Anna Mary to a entertainment in taown, an' pretended not to notice Marthy an' Ez. But Anna Mary watched them all evenin'. She hardly heard when I said anything, an' laughed a lot, which wa'n't never her way.

"On the road home something uncommon happened, an' for a while I was some ashamed of bein' a man, an' still I was mighty glad I was, too! Naow, I'd knowed Anna Mary from the spellin'-book up—a little, curly-headed, blue-eyed, scary slip of a thing she was. Well, when we got good an' started home, she gripped her hands onto my arm like a vise. She looked away from me, an' says she, so low I could scarce hear her:

"'Shell, we was childern together, an'—I ain't got no father nor brother, an' I need one. You know my uncle, an' haow much he'd—forgive, if I should—git—into—trouble. Shell, if you want Marthy Harden an' can git her—for God's sake marry her, an' perhaps—he'll come back to me!' an' she breathed hard an' fast. I begun to git light on things that had been stumpin' me for some time.

"'Anna Mary,' I says, 'it'll be all up with me if I don't git her, but whether I do or not, if Ez ain't treated you square I'll see that he makes it as near right as it can be made, if I have to kill him an' swing for it afterwards. I'd do it happy. I ain't your friend for nothin', Anna Mary.'

"The' ain't no wild critter fiercer'n a good gentle gal that's been drove to the

end of her string. Ann Mary cried aout:

"Oh, he ought to be killed!"

"She wouldn't say another word, but she didn't need to—I seen for the fust time haow things was.

"I said I'd find a way aout for her, some way, right off, but I didn't see then haow it was goin' to be done at all, an' she chirked up some. Great hat"—and the old man drew his sleeve across his eyes—"but this here sun's blindin'! Well, when we reached her uncle's she was that weak that I took an' carried her into the haouse, an' I'll be blamed if she didn't ketch my big ugly paw an' kiss it before I knew what she was at, the little critter! Afterwards—but I ain't tellin' that naow.

"The followin' Saturday was my turn with Marthy. After thinkin' desperate most all night, I took my hoss an' cutter an' went after her early in the afternoon. Before I started, I put some old tugs into my new harness, an' I took pains not to slick the haouse up any—not that I was in the habit of slickin' up, though!

"Well, she was waitin', an' I got her tucked up good in the buffalo-robe, an' we drove off. She was as full of fun an' sass as ever, an' the roads was fine. It was Jenuary, an' the sun was warm jest like it is to-day, but it couldn't seem to thaw aout my feelin's. I couldn't be amusin', for things looked too serious for both Anna Mary an' me. An' I felt rough an' good-for-nothin' an' overgrown, an' somehaow words didn't seem wuth much. She wa'n't ever no great of a talker, but she laughed a heap while I drove along as glum as sour cider. Then, the first thing I knowed, I was doin' what I'd determined I wouldn't do jest then; I heared myself askin' her in a dead sort of way if she'd marry me. I was too daown for more'n the plain questions withaout trimmin's. We was purty near my place then. I waited for her answer as breathless as I did the first time I asked her.

"'Shell,' says she, with her eyes a-dancin', an' comin' daown hard on every word, 'this is the last time I am ever goin' to tell you No—I'm plumb tired of bein' pestered.' What with

worryin' an' all, I was clean upset. I flashed mad clean through, for I thought she was playin' with me.

"'Marthy Harden,' says I, 'this is the last chanst you'll ever git to say it—to me!' An' I cut the hoss a mean lick. He wa'n't used to that, an' he jumped six ways for Sunday, an' bust that weak tug; but I couldn't help that, nor that we was jest in front of my gate. Then I played my last throw. A man ain't sure lost a gal till he gives up, an' I hadn't yit. 'Tain't a bad thing if you can git her to be sorry for ye. I helped Marthy aout of the sleigh an' over to the gate.

"'Marthy,' says I, 'my place ain't fixed up like Ez's, but mebbly it'll do to wait in till I tend to this harness. It'll take some time to onhitch, an' it's too raw for you to stand aout here in this wind.'

"An' I knowed by the reluctant-like way she went up the path an' opened the door that she was as crazy to see the inside of that haouse as I was to have her see it. I give her a good half-hour before I hollered 'Ready!' an' when I called agin, an' she didn't come, I tied an' went in after her.

"I expected to find her sittin' keerful, with her skirts drawn up raound her, an' wild to git aout of there. As I've said, I'd lost mother a year before, an' things looked accordin' to the nateral man's method of doin' for hisself.—Ez wa'n't never a man.—I mostly kep' things on the floor where I could git at 'em, an' daytimes my dog Shep had the bed, which was only fair, for we was partners, an' I had it nights. Well, I gritted my teeth an' opened the door.

"There was Marthy. Her shawl an' bunnit hung on my nail behind the stove; her skirts was pinned up an' her sleeves rolled back from her wrists, an' she was clawin' raound like a hen with seventeen chickens. The floor was most cleared off, an' she was pilin' the dirty dishes up like mad. They was a old blue set mother brought from aout East. Marthy she didn't pay no attention when I come in, but Shep stuck his black nose aout from under the bed, where I'd never knowed him to go, an'



*Drawn by Max F. Klepper*

"The old people grinned at each other sheepishly. 'That you, Marthy?' he questioned, unnecessarily"



looked at me sort of puzzled an' desperate.

" 'Marthy,' says I, 'I'm ready. Don't mind abaout tryin' to help me,' says I, quiet-like; ' 'tain't no use. Things would git jest the same agin in a week. I can't keep haouse, an' I'm gittin' used to havin' it like this. Don't you worry—I don't blame you for not wantin' a man that ain't got more'n jest hisself an'—this to offer ye, an' mebbly I'll git over it.' I didn't have to make no effort to look lonesome an' neglected, but I held my head high, an' tried to laugh. 'Come on,' I says, 'I'm ready.'

" 'Well, I ain't ready, Shell Howard,' says she, lookin' me square in the eyes, an' her cheeks blazin' red. 'What'd I tell you in the sleigh?' she says.

" 'You said,' I answered, polite an' exact, "'This is the last time I'm ever a-goin' to tell you No.'"

" 'Well,' she says, stampin' her foot, 'what more do you want?' An' her eyes looked jest as I'd hoped to make 'em look some day. Then I seen light. 'I'll keep my word, too,' she went on, holdin' her head to one side, sassy-like, an' all the time rattlin' them dirty dishes.

" 'An' I'll keep mine,' I says. 'I can't ask you to marry me agin, for I said I wouldn't, but I'll tell you you're a-goin' to, an' if you don't contradict, will that settle it?'

" 'That'll do all right,' says she, climbin' on a chair an' pinnin' a newspaper over the winder for a curt'in.

" 'Well, you're goin' to marry me,' I says, 'an' when will you do it?' She jumped daown from the chair quicker'n scat an' begun scrapin' my skillet of breakfast mush into the slop-bucket. Then she says slow, withaout lookin' at me:

" 'I guess Jane Ann Baldwin is a-dyin' to git hold of that school abaout Monday mornin', an' from the looks of things, I guess I can find work raound here somewheres.'

" 'Naow has always been my lucky day,' says I, with the blood singin' through me like fiddle-music. 'Come on to taown an' git it over with.'

" 'I ain't got time,' she says. 'You fetch your preacher aout here. I ain't

got no folks nearer'n a thousand mile, an' it don't make no difference where I'm married. This thaw's the time for cleanin' an' it ain't goin' to last long.' An' with that, she dumped a lot of old harness off of the dresser.

" 'But I wa'n't goin' to leave her aout of my sight till I was sure of her, an' besides, I thought I seen a way aout for Anna Mary. So I convinced Marthy that it would take less time to go to taown than to git a preacher an' witnesses aout there.

" 'I guess you're right,' she says, 'an' we don't want no witnesses to this haouse jest yit.' An' in a jiffy we was in the sleigh agin, an' I was tellin' her abaout Anna Mary. Which is why Marthy cried on the way to her weddin'. As luck would have it, we faound Anna Mary alone at her uncle's, an' I says to her:

" 'Put on your bunnit an' come along to your weddin', Anna Mary! Me an' Marthy is goin' to'ourn, too. It'll be a double surprise on the community, an' two couple of us doin' it this way, it'll look like nothin' worse'n a lark, an' there won't be no talk.' I put her into the sleigh between me an' Marthy, an' she asked me, scared-like:

" 'What did Ez say?'

" 'Nothin', I answers. An' he hadn't, not havin' had a chanst yit, though I didn't tell her that. When we reached his place, I handed the reins to Marthy, an' went to the barn to find Ez. I ain't never told even Marthy the time I had with the scamp. But when I was through with him he didn't have nothin' to say, 'cept to promise jest what I advised him to. There's times when it comes mighty handy to be big, an' sot in your ways. An' a coward like Ez 'ain't nothin' inside to bolster hisself up with. I'd been lookin' up his past, an' he knowed the other men raound would help me all I needed. He hitched up, an' I rode with him, leavin' Marthy to drive my hoss an' hearten up Anna Mary. Marthy couldn't forgive herself for not havin' seen haow things was, but that wa'n't strange. Anna Mary was praoud, like women are to each other, an' Ez was a slick scoundrel.



"So we was married all right, Ez an' Anna Mary, an' me an' Marthy, an' in the middle of the ceremony I most snickered aout instid of sayin' Yes, for I seen that Marthy's cuffs was still rolled back—an' they have been most of the time since.

"Then we went to a lawyer's an' Ez signed over all he had to his wife, an' give me the deed to keep for her. She never knowed I'd recommended this to him in the barn, for fear he'd take a notion to leave her some time, an' she wouldn't have nothin'. He did go later. But I ain't tellin' that naow.

"I took Anna Mary into a corner an' asked her would she try livin' with him, or should I send him packin'? Which I could have done, for I knowed things he wouldn't want aired. Well, I can't understand women-folks. She says:

"'Shell, he's—my husband, an' I've always—loved him!' A critter like that Ez! So I managed to fix things up with her uncle, an' if folks suspicioned anything was wrong, why, they never knowed for sure. Then Ez took his wife home.

"Well, Marthy an' me went home too, an' I tell ye a haouse ain't home without the right woman's in it. Shep he crawled from under the bed an' sidled up to me meachin' an' miserable-lookin', an' asked me dog-fashion with his eyes an' his tail:

"'Is that critter,' meanin' Marthy, 'a-goin' to stay here?' She saved me the sorrier of breakin' the news to him by hangin' her things on my nail agin—I never got a chanst to use my own nail any more—an' poor Shep give a haowl an' made for the door. He never come in agin. He slep' in the barn till he died, an' it most broke Marthy's heart, for she likes dogs. All 't she'd said to him was 'Git aout,' not knowin' that the bed was hisn daytimes—an' that hurt his feelin's.

"Well, you know haow some women can fix a place up without cleanin' all the comfort aout. She didn't bother me with the process much, but everything got clean, an' somehaow there was white curt'ins, an' posies in the winders, an' a shinin' stove an' a singin' kittle,

an' a big rocker with a cat an' a cushion in it. An' then—there was Marthy herself! I felt like I'd preempted a little private patch of paradise, an' if Marthy pined for school-teachin', she managed to conceal her longin'.

"An' the cookin'! Great hat! After abaout one layaout I quit dreadin' meal-time, an' I didn't shet my eyes an' put it daown fast, an' pray that I might forget what I'd swallered before the next meal had to come! Which is jest what you an' me will be doin' soon, if you don't go in an' stir up those pancakes, Bud.

"It's most noon by the sun—an' my stummick, too. I guess you want to go in an' git warm, don't ye? No, it ain't no use to cut straws—I'm always on-lucky an' git the short one, an' we don't want any more mush, which is all I can cook. We want pancakes an' maple-surrup. I'll do up the chores, an' it'll do you good to practise cookin'. You may have to batch it a long time before—hold on there with your fireworks. Needn't git so red! I didn't know you'd engaged a cook already!" The old man stooped quickly to escape a swift snowball from the teased and blushing boy who had started for the house. "Shell" straightened up, looked toward the house, and ejaculated:

"Land o' Beulah! See the smoke pourin' aout o' that chimby! Bet things is afire!" He sprang up, but stopped suddenly; a tall, thin, dark-eyed old woman was coming round the corner with her blue apron full of cobs.

"The' ain't nothin' afire, Shell," she said, calmly. The old people grinned at each other sheepishly.

"That you, Marthy?" he questioned, unnecessarily.

"Reckon it is. Here I faound six aigs froze in that nest in the granary. You always was shif'less, Shell Howard," she accused, tenderly. His keen blue eyes gleamed with delight.

"Well, I was smart enough to git you. But you needn't 'a' hurried back on my accaount. I was jest thinkin' abaout huntin' me up another woman. Thought you'd eloped."

"I come back on my own accaount. Rode from the station with Joneses to

their place, an' walked over the rest of the way. I been here two hours an' more, cleanin' up. Well," she continued, "I come home to git me a good square meal of vittles, an' I'll go an' cook it. If you an' Bud want any, you can come in when you're called." She marched off to the house. Shell chuckled and looked after her.

"Don't she beat all? Jest as sassy as she was thirty year ago!" He began to hang up the harness he had cleaned.

"Say," he said, at length, "you needn't to think we got anything agin one another, her an' me. We wa'n't never hands to make a fuss. But she's glad to git back, an' she knows I'm glad to have her. We ain't like little Mounseer over in the dugaout younder. Seen him at the deepo onct, meetin' a cousin he was importin' from Canady, little bow-leggid, black-whiskered chap. An' them two fools fell on each other, an' smacked away, first one cheek an' then t'other. Made me feel bashful. Them furriners is queer critters. Naow her an' me is different." He talked on. After an hour or so, "she" came to the door and waved her apron. He rose immediately.

"Come an' have a bite while things is hot. We'll go straight in, or she'll jaw at me like women does when they set store by a man, which you, bein' young, may not understand, an' me, bein' old, don't neither—unless it's to make 'em surer he belongs to 'em for good."

Marthy had indeed been "cleaning up." The pine floor was white, its dampness steaming from the heat of the red-hot stove upon which hissed the shining copper tea-kettle. The white curtains were looped back to let the sun in on the red geraniums on the sills. The big gray cat got slowly down from her gay cushion in the rocker, and rubbed herself against Shell's legs as he washed at the tin basin at the sink and wiped on the roller-towel on the door. He took a brass-backed comb from his pocket, and drew it through his thick shock of gray hair.

"We ain't got no lookin'-glass, Bud," he said, "Her an' me don't git much fun peekin' into them things," and he winked slyly at the boy. "She" smiled and dished up the smoking eggs and bacon, put a sheet of biscuits, pan and all, on the table, and filled the coffee-pot.

"Come an' set," was her invitation, and they pulled up their chairs. The old man mumbled a grace reverently. Then he chuckled as his wife handed him a great cupful of steaming coffee.

"Won't need to fergit these vittles, Bud. But it beats me where she got the dishes! Who washed 'em? They was all eat on, top an' bottom, a week ago, and we was comin' back on 'em backwards."

Mrs. Howard answered, calmly: "I washed enough to eat out of. There's a tubful waitin' in the pantry."

When at last they had finished, the old man rose slowly and put on his cap.

"Git tired aout East, Marthy?" It was his first question about her trip.

"Yes, I did. Country's all long an' no wide, up-hill an' rocky. You can't see off nowhere unless you git on top of a mount'in, an' I'm too old to climb. I didn't want no more beans nor mince pie, an' I jest couldn't lay in bed till eight o'clock like my sister's folks do. An' I kep' thinkin' what this haouse would look like. I knowed you'd let the aigs freeze—the's ten now thawin' in a bucket of cold water." She had risen, and was "redding off" the table as she talked. Shell opened the outside door.

"Guess I'll haul a load of straw," he remarked.

"Besides," his wife continued, dryly, to his broad back in the doorway, "I wanted to be here for my weddin' anniversary. Seems like old times to be cleanin' up jest like I done thirty year ago to-day." The old man turned to look at her, and laughed delightedly. He chuckled as he went to the stable.

"Don't she beat all?" he asked.



## THE BRITISH OPERATIONS AGAINST THE UNITED STATES IN 1814-1815

By ARCHIBALD FORBES\*

DURING the last two years of the war maintained by it from 1808 until 1814 in the Peninsula and the Mediterranean against the power of Napoleon, the British nation was filled with a bitter enmity to the United States. England did not care to know that the declaration of war with the great insular power on the part of the young nation on the other side of the Atlantic in 1812, was protested against by strong minorities in both Houses, and that its wisest men were in accord in denouncing that measure. The universal feeling in England was that the United States, in declaring war against her, were seizing the occasion to add to her embarrassments at a time when she was up to the hilt in combat with her great European adversary. That feeling was embittered by the startling and humiliating victories of American war-ships over those of a navy which had learned to regard itself as invincible. As the Peninsular war approached its brilliant close, such was the rancor against the upstart power which had dared to put a spoke in Great Britain's wheel, that Wellington's veteran troops, wearied of war as they were, set aside the natural longing for home and rest in their eagerness to teach the insolent Americans a lesson at the point of the bayonet. The authorities at home in England were not less fervent in their zeal to hurry forward preparations for carrying divisions and brigades of the Peninsular army across the Atlantic direct from the south of France. The prospect for the Americans appeared gravely ominous. The operations on the northern frontier threatened a continuation of the disasters and failures of the two previous years. Admiral Cockburn was ravaging the shores of Delaware,

Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. Washington had been threatened. Since Decatur had been chased into New London with the "Macedonian" and the "United States," no American war-ship got to sea again while the war lasted. And now the Atlantic was covered with British convoys transporting to the New World masses of armed veterans fresh from victory after victory, and burning to inflict reprisals on the United States. There was, indeed, a rift in the gloom, in the inception of negotiations for peace, for the resources of England were all but exhausted; yet there would, she reckoned, be time for the infliction of a severe blow before the negotiations should result in the signature of peace.

The battle of Toulouse, the last of a war which had continued six years, was fought on April 10, 1814. So early as the 14th, the Duke of York, who was then commander-in-chief, wrote to the Duke of Wellington in the following terms: "His Majesty's Government having decided upon sending a force to America whenever circumstances may admit of its being spared from the army under your command, I am to acquaint you that the Prince Regent has been pleased to approve of certain corps being selected for this purpose." Fourteen infantry regiments were specified, all of which were to be made up to the full strength of one thousand men; in addition to which there were to be four companies of artillery, and one regiment of light cavalry, six hundred and forty strong. The infantry force was directed to be formed into two divisions, with three brigades in each division. The officers first named for the divisional command were Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Clinton and Maj.-Gen. Sir George Murray;

\* Archibald Forbes was probably the most noted war-correspondent of the nineteenth century. He first became famous during the Franco-German war, when he represented a London newspaper, but he had before that obtained a practical knowledge of military tactics by a service of some years with the Royal Dragoons. He was in the Carlist war in Spain, the Servian war and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. The article here published is the last written by the author before his death, in March, 1900.

the brigade commanders were to be Major-Generals Kempt, Robinson, Barnes, Pack, Ross and Power. Clinton had commanded a division in Wellington's army, Sir George Murray had been Wellington's quartermaster-general throughout the war, and the major-generals appointed to the command of brigades in the force destined for America had all commanded brigades in Wellington's Peninsular army. The officer intended for the supreme command of the expedition was not officially named; and, as a matter of fact, this appointment was never filled up. The original understanding was that it should be offered to Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Hope, afterward Lord Hopetown, Wellington's second in command; but that gallant officer had been severely wounded and taken prisoner in a sortie made from Bayonne on April 14th. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Rowland Hill, afterward Lord Hill, perhaps the most distinguished of Wellington's officers, declined the appointment. Neither of the two officers originally designated for the divisional commands, accepted the proffered position. Clinton frankly declined. In the belief that Sir George Murray had a desire for active service, Colonel Torrens wrote to him from the Horse Guards telling him that "the Government had determined to give Jonathan a good drubbing"; and informing him that the duke, in naming him for a divisional command, "had been actuated by a desire of gratifying your professional feelings by an acceptable employment." But Murray, not seeing the matter in this light, wrote to Wellington that "to step from his previous position in the army to the appointment held out in Colonel Torrens' letter, appeared to him to be sinking very considerably."

A great deal of chopping and changing occurred before the ultimate departure of the American expedition from Verdun Roads was accomplished; but the embarkation was completed by June 6th. The divisional disposition had been abandoned. The expeditionary force had no chief command, and the troops employed were apportioned into four independent brigades, each brigade com-

manded by a major-general. Three of the four brigades—viz., Kempt's, 4,153 strong; Robinson's, 3,784 strong; and Power's, 4,505 strong—had orders to proceed direct to Quebec and there place themselves under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Prevost, commanding-in-chief in Canada. Ross's brigade, 2,814 strong, being temporarily short of one battalion, had orders to join the fleet under the command of Adm. Sir Alexander Cochrane, "employed on the coasts of the United States." It is to be noticed that none of the battalions of the expedition had its full strength of rank and file. Each brigade had a proportion of artillery, a few engineers, and a staff of exceptional strength.

The expedition, destitute as it was of a supreme chief with a warrant to supersede the incapable Prevost in Canada, started under somewhat dubious auspices. The future of the force sent to America on the dispersion of the Peninsular army, suffered from the prestige of that army, paradoxical as the statement may seem. The dominance and genius of Wellington had welded it into a brilliant weapon, of which he was the unquestioned master. Some few of his higher officers, such as Hill, Hope, Lyndoch, and in some degree Crawford, he could indeed trust in independent or semi-independent commands; but it was rare that the most trivial initiative was accorded to the average divisional and brigade commanders. They marched and fought strictly to orders, and in a great measure were little else than so many sublimated corporals. It might have been expected that when Wellington's brigade commanders allotted to the American expedition found themselves released from the trammels of his strong supremacy, individual idiosyncrasy should in some measure have asserted itself, especially since the commander-in-chief in Canada was not an enterprising officer. But the aphorism, "*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*," held good as regarded Generals Kempt, Robinson and Power. Brave men, good duty-soldiers, they were too much wedded to routine to think of adventuring on the initiative;

and twelve thousand veterans of the Peninsular war, accustomed to regard victory as a thing of course, suffered ignominious and bloody defeat in the abortive attack on Plattsburg, beaten by some five thousand five hundred opponents, two-thirds of whom were volunteer militiamen.

The British war minister obviously took an exceptional interest in the brigade which was commanded by Major-General Ross, and the ultimate objective of which was the capital of the United States. Its departure was specially expedited in advance of that of the other brigades, and the order was that it should be accompanied by a transport laden with rockets, four light field-guns and two howitzers, a proportion of intrenching tools, and a large reserve of musket-ammunition. Instructions were given that the brigade should consist of four "of the best and most experienced regiments among those warned to prepare for embarkation." These injunctions were not carried out. The four regiments which finally were landed at Benedict under the command of General Ross were the 4th, 21st (picked up en route at Bermuda), 44th and 85th. The belief has been general in the United States that those regiments were "the finest from Wellington's army." This is an error. Two out of the four did not belong to Wellington's army at all; and but one belonged to the elite of that army. The 4th was a grand old regiment, on whose colors were blazoned the names of half a dozen Peninsular victories. The 21st, also an old regiment, had been serving in the Mediterranean during the Peninsular war, and had embarked for America from Genoa. On its virgin colors were brodered the names of no victories, but it had already considerable American experience, and had shared in Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. To the 44th has always attached the character of an unfortunate regiment. It was one of the two regiments which Braddock led to ruin in 1755, when it would have been utterly annihilated, but that Washington conducted the retreat. Three years later it took part in the defeat of Abercromby's

assault on Ticonderoga, and it subsequently had long service in America during both the war with France and the long Revolutionary struggle. It had served continuously in the Mediterranean from 1805, and had never come within the sphere of Wellington's command until after the close of the Peninsular war, when it marched from the east coast of Spain to embark off Paniblac as part of the force of General Ross. On the colors of the 85th were the names of two Peninsular victories, Fuentes de Onoro and Nive; but nevertheless, in the words of an authority who writes with an obvious restraint, "that corps had not been fortunate in Spain, and it could not get rid of a mark that had been set upon it, although the regiment had been fresh-officered and remodeled since that time, and when subsequently employed behaved quite as well as other regiments." Thus only one out of Ross's four regiments could rightfully take rank among the "best and most experienced" corps engaged in the expedition to America.

The infantry of Ross's command, on landing at Benedict on August 19, 1814, had a strength of about three thousand one hundred, and his total force, on the debarkation from the fleet of a battalion of marines, and counting in details, numbered about four thousand five hundred men. James states that it was in the course of an excursion with Ross on the day after the latter landed, that Admiral Cockburn, who had been plundering and harassing the coasts of the Middle states with entire disregard of the laws of civilized warfare, suggested to the general the facility of an attack on the city of Washington. This may be true, but the fact remains that General Ross needed no suggestion of that character on the part of the eager and venomous admiral, since he himself had in his pocket his specific instructions from Lord Bathurst, the British war minister. Ross was a soldier of lofty and gallant character. He was the hero of Maida. In his despatch on the battle of the Pyrenees, Wellington wrote of Ross's brigade that "it had distinguished itself beyond all precedent; it made four separate charges with the bayonet, and General Ross,



whose valor and skill had contributed so much to the glory of the day, had three horses shot under him." Nothing can be advanced in palliation of the savage policy which, by destroying public buildings of no value from a military point of view, only embittered the adversary without materially enfeebling him. Ross was not the man to be other than disgusted by the task cast upon him of violating the principles of civilized warfare by inflicting wanton injury on an open and defenseless city; but he had no other alternative than to act strictly on his orders from the home government. Blanshard and his sappers, in destroying the public buildings of Washington, were simply acting on instructions received from the British military authorities. They did their work so speedily and thoroughly that within a few hours the capitol, arsenal, dockyard, treasury, war-office, president's mansion, as well as the Potomac bridge and a frigate on the stocks, were blazing. Cockburn reveled in the destruction, and behaved in the most offensive and truculent manner; yet, nevertheless, he was censured by his superior officer, Adm. Sir Alexander Cochrane, for not having acted with greater ferocity in the spirit of retaliation than he did. General Ross, on the other hand, conducted himself with soldierly moderation; he showed himself only when his presence was called for, and he made judicious haste in effecting the evacuation of the city. It was admitted that the British troops preserved exceptional restraint and discipline with respect to private persons and property, that "the plunder of individual property was prohibited, and that soldiers transgressing the order were severely punished." General Ross's death, on September 12th, disorganized the scheme of further operations; the troops under his incapable successor were repulsed from before Baltimore, and a month later the force was on its voyage to another field of severer contest.

Toward the end of September, despatches reached England announcing the temporary occupation of Washington. In a letter to the Duke of Wellington, who was now British ambassador

in Paris, summarizing the contents of the private despatches from the other side, Lord Liverpool wrote: "Sir A. Cochrane, General Ross and Admiral Cockburn are very sanguine about their future operations. They intend to proceed in the first instance to the northward, and to occupy Rhode Island, where they propose remaining and living on the country until about the beginning of November. They will then proceed again to the southward, destroy Baltimore, should they find that operation practicable without too much risk, occupy several important points on the coast of Georgia, and close the campaign with an attack on New Orleans. In the mean time we hope that Sir James Yeo will be able to establish his superiority on Lake Ontario; and that Sir George Prevost, having collected his forces, will succeed in his attack upon Sacketts Harbor and upon Plattsburg, for both of which operations he is preparing; and that the Canadian frontier will thus be rendered secure." This sanguine program was only in part fulfilled.

It may not be generally known in the United States that toward the end of 1814, the Duke of Wellington came very near crossing the Atlantic to take the supreme command of the British forces in America. In October of that year, Paris was in a state of semianarchy. The French marshals and the superior officers of the army were charged full of irritation at Wellington's appointment as British ambassador to the court of France. The duke's personal safety was believed to be in imminent danger, and in the ferment which possessed Paris, there was a real risk that, notwithstanding his sacred character as an ambassador, he might be arrested at any moment. The following letter received by Lord Liverpool, anonymous though it was, gave great solicitude to the ministry: "Unless the Duke of Wellington is instantly recalled from France, he will be privately assassinated; a plot is forming to complete the horrid deed. Pray lose no time in despatching a messenger to caution him to be on his guard." Evidence more trustworthy impressed on the cabinet the conviction that the ministers

would not be justified in allowing the duke to incur the risk to which he might be exposed by his continuing to remain in Paris. The duke, in his imperturbable manner, left the matter entirely to the decision of the Cabinet; but he was evidently not insensible to his own danger, particularly to the risk of his being detained as a hostage or prisoner in the event of any internal convulsion in Paris. But the ministry had a double anxiety in regard to the Duke of Wellington. They were solicitous that he should consult his safety by quitting Paris; and they were also extremely desirous that he should accept the command in America. For there had arrived very unfavorable accounts of the operations on the Canadian frontier. "There can be no doubt," wrote Liverpool to Castlereagh, "of the defeat of our flotilla on Lake Champlain, and the retreat of Sir George Prevost from Plattsburg. He has managed the campaign in that quarter as ill as possible, and if he cannot redeem himself by some brilliant success, he must be recalled at the end of the campaign. He has not the confidence of the army. We must now lament that we sent such large reinforcements to that sphere of action; the Canadas would have been safe with half the amount, and I verily believe that with the remainder added to the force which General Ross commanded, we might have taken possession of every considerable town south of Philadelphia." "The Duke of Wellington," added Liverpool, "would restore confidence to the army serving in America, place the military operations on a proper footing, and give us the best chance for peace."

The duke, with that grand sense of duty which constantly actuated him, informed Lord Bathurst that he had no objection to going to America, though he did not promise to himself much success there. "I believe," he wrote, "that there are troops enough there for the defense of Canada forever. . . . I am quite sure that all the American armies of which I have ever read would not beat out of a field of battle the troops which went from Bordeaux last summer, if common precautions and care were taken

of them. What seems to me wanting in America is not a general, or general officers and troops, but a naval superiority on the Lakes. The question is whether we can acquire and maintain this naval superiority—if we can't, I shall do you but little good in America. There will, however, remain this advantage, that the confidence which I have acquired will reconcile both the army and people in England to terms of which they would not now approve." A fortnight later, he wrote: "I will go to America whenever I may be ordered. But does it not occur to you, that by appointing me to go to America at this moment you give ground for belief all over Europe that your affairs there are in a much worse situation than they really are? And will not my nomination at this moment be a triumph to the Americans and their friends here and elsewhere? It will give but a momentary satisfaction in England, and it may have the effect of raising hopes and expectations there which cannot be realized." Presently the feeling against Wellington in Paris died out; the calmpulsed man remained at his post, and the progress of the negotiations at Ghent did away with the solicitude of the Cabinet that the duke should be sent out to bury the *débris* of an ill-starred and misconducted war.

Then, as now, the ways of the British War Department were occasionally inscrutable. For example, in May, 1814, Sir Edward Pakenham had been held ineligible for the command of one of the divisions destined for America according to the original project, because he was then only a major-general of scarcely two years' standing. In October of the same year, a junior major-general still, he was selected for the chief command of the expeditionary force destined for the attack on New Orleans. Pakenham was Wellington's brother-in-law, and was his invaluable adjutant-general during a great part of the Peninsular war. He had no experience in independent command before the attempt on New Orleans, in which it cannot be said that he displayed either initiative or resource. Pakenham's *metier* was that of a

brilliant fighting-man. In the storm of the citadel of Badajoz, he was the second man to ascend the first ladder. The officer in front of him was wounded and could not advance, whereupon Pakenham tried to pass him, but in the effort was also severely wounded, and at the same time the ladder broke, precipitating both officers upon the chevaux-de-frise beneath. When Picton lay sick during the battle of Salamanca, the "fighting division" was temporarily entrusted to Pakenham. Wellington's eagle eye detected Marmont's blunder in over-extending his left; and he gave Pakenham the curt order: "Do you see those fellows on the hill? At them directly, and drive them to the devil!" "I will, my lord, by God!" was Pakenham's laconic response. A well-directed volley was poured in, Pakenham gave the word to charge, the muskets came down to the rest; emerging from the smoke, his battalions rushed forward with the bayonet, and the seventh French division was destroyed by the British third. "Did you ever see a man," said Wellington to his staff, "who understood more clearly what he had to do?"

The expedition to the command of which Pakenham was appointed, was of rather a scratch character. The appointed rendezvous preliminary to approaching the objective of New Orleans, was Negril Bay, at the western extremity of the island of Jamaica. On November 1st, Pakenham, accompanied by Major-General Gibbs, Colonel Burgoyne, commanding engineer, and Colonel Dickson, commanding the artillery, sailed from Plymouth in the "Statira" frigate. Reaching the rendezvous on December 13th, he found there the "Vengeur" with her convoy carrying Maj.-Gen. Sir John Lambert with the 7th and 43d, both veteran Peninsular regiments. Lambert had sailed from Plymouth a week before Pakenham's departure, and was now intending to water before proceeding. It was ascertained that Adm. Sir Alexander Cochrane had brought down from the Chesapeake the force which had been commanded by the late General Ross, had picked up in Negril Bay the 93d and 95th regiments, with whom Major-

General Keane had left England two months before Pakenham's departure, and had sailed from the rendezvous for the vicinity of New Orleans about a fortnight before Pakenham's arrival at Negril Bay.

It was a remarkable feature of British warfare in the earlier years of the century, that so many combined naval and military enterprises should have been undertaken solely on information supplied by admirals on foreign stations, with results either abortive or disastrous. When the influence of the admiral of the station was sufficient, as in the instance of the attempt on New Orleans, to induce ministers to despatch an expeditionary force on such an enterprise on imperfect information, the result too often was that a retreat was almost invariably difficult, and occasionally indeed impracticable, that the attempt ended in ignominious failure, and that the honor of the British arms was compromised. Occasionally, it must be said that the zeal of the naval arm was intensified by unworthy and mercenary considerations. In the instance of the attempt on New Orleans, there is reason to apprehend that strategic reasons had but a subordinate influence on the part of the councils in which the operations were projected. It was well understood by Pakenham and his staff that the prime mover of the enterprise was Adm. Sir Alexander Cochrane, and that the expectation of a great booty of prize-money to be exacted from a city the wealth of which was moderately estimated at three million pounds, was the main incentive to the undertaking, which in itself was regarded as presenting no serious obstacles. Pakenham, who thoroughly distrusted the character of the admiral, was extremely anxious to reach the vicinity of operations before the troops should have been landed. It was certainly Keane's duty to await at the Negril Bay rendezvous the arrival there of his superior officer; but he was a young and aspiring officer who had allowed himself to fall under the dominant influence of Cochrane, in an effort to forestall the advent of the head of the expedition.

Cochrane and Keane did succeed in

stealing a march on Pakenham, but their lack of capacity had hindered them from taking advantage of their forwardness. They had chosen to make an approach which could not but result in leading the expedition into the disaster which actually befell it, instead of advancing by way of Lake Pontchartrain and taking New Orleans in rear, an alternative which was strenuously advocated when too late. As it was, Jackson attacked the advance brigade with a promptitude which gave bewildered pause to the would-be assailants; although, thanks to the stanchness of the British soldiers, he failed to fulfil his aspiration—"By the Eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil!" And when Pakenham arrived on the evening of Christmas Day, he found the force on the ground of the fight of the evening of the 23d—no advance attempted, not even a reconnaissance made.

The truth was that the attempt by Lake Borgne and up the left bank of the Mississippi along the strip of land, nowhere more than a mile wide, between a great river on the right and an impenetrable wood on the left, was hopeless from the first. In the words of Sir Harry Jones, who after the peace reported on the ground: "From the first appearance of a fleet off the coast, so much time must elapse before a point of debarkation can be reached, that the defense should be able to collect seven or eight thousand men; and the lines (of defense) being so short and so easily thrown up, such a force behind them ought to resist any number which could be landed from a fleet." "The situation of New Orleans," he continues, "is one of the strongest possible by nature." The reconnaissance made by Pakenham and Burgoyne on the 28th convinced them that the enemy's position was too strong to be carried by a frontal attack; yet the only alternative was between that bloody and hopeless attempt and recourse to a disastrous and ignoble withdrawal. The latter resort Pakenham could not brook, and he resolved to fight the issue out to the bitter end.

But the situation was one which, the longer it was endured, the more adverse it appeared. Everything went wrong.

The American fire ruined the hastily thrown up British batteries; of the British guns, several were dismounted and others sank in the spongy ground; and thenceforth the cannonade was wholly on the side of the Americans. The hapless force had to endure an "incessant cannonade" on its front, and an enfilading fire from Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river. There was some hope in the admiral's project of making a cut from Lake Borgne to the Mississippi, along which men-of-war's boats were brought into the river, to enable a detachment to cross to the attack of the American enfilading batteries on the right bank, simultaneously with the direct assault by the main body on the chief American line of defense. But in the small hours of the eventful morning of January 8, 1815, there was seen by the watching Pakenham no welcome rocket-signal announcing the capture of the batteries on the right bank; and at length, as dawn approached, he gave the sign for the general advance. What ensued was not a battle but a butchery. Two regiments misbehaved. General Gibbs reported to Pakenham that "the troops will not obey me—they will not follow me." Pakenham pulled off his hat, galloped to the head of the column, cheered the men on, and in that act fell. His last words were, "Lost from want of courage!" Yet that in that ill-fated force there was no lack of valor and devotion, is proved by the fact that of 6,900 men, 2,095 were killed or wounded. All the general officers were down, except Sir John Lambert, who commanded the reserve. After the retirement out of fire, a council of war was held in a cottage, on a table in the center of a room in which lay the body of an officer covered with a sheet. He had been shot in the throat, and pronounced dead after a hasty examination by a surgeon. As the members of the council stood round the body, tidings came that the batteries across the river had been carried, and were ready for action should the fighting be renewed. The decision of the council, however, was to abandon the undertaking and rejoin the fleet; and Colonel

Burgoyne was despatched to cross the river and give instructions for bringing away the troops in possession of the enemy's batteries. The troops were withdrawn on shipboard, and the attempt on New Orleans stood confessed a bloody and discreditable failure.

Later, considerable controversy not unnaturally arose as to why the council had decided to sacrifice the advantage gained on the right bank. Burgoyne having been the officer concerned with the withdrawal from that advantageous and commanding position, the belief was general that his was the leading voice in favor of the decision to that effect. He consistently remained silent under that reproach, nor did any of the members of the council ever do him the justice to promulgate the fact that he had been an urgent supporter of a renewal of the contest. That this was so, came recently to light in a very singular way. The body laid out under a sheet in the hut on the Villeré plantation was that of Major Stovin (afterward Sir Frederick Stovin), the assistant adjutant-general of the force. While the council were deliberating, he recovered consciousness, and while still too weak to move, heard from under the sheet everything that passed. For many years he kept silence; but gradually, as time went on, he allowed himself to speak, and the strange story became known in confidence to intimate friends. So long as any member of the New Orleans council of war survived, he was most desirous that his name should not appear in the matter. The authority for the curious incident was the late Gen. Sir John Cowell, R. E., master of her Majesty's household, to whom Sir Frederick Stovin had imparted it in confidence, adding that in the council in his hearing Burgoyne was strongly in favor of a renewed attack.

It is curious that in his despatch Sir John Lambert should have written that it was Colonel Dickson, commanding R. A., and not Burgoyne, whom he sent across the river "to examine the situation of the batteries, and report if they were tenable"; and who brought back the opinion that "they could not be held

securely by less than two thousand men." But I possess a letter from the late Rev. Mr. Gleig, chaplain-general to the British forces, "The Subaltern" of many campaigns from Ocuña to Waterloo, definitely settling the point. Mr. Gleig wrote: "I was with the portion of the army that crossed the river, and I perfectly recollect Sir John Burgoyne coming over to us. Indeed, commanding the picket which afterward became the rear-guard, I had exceptional opportunity for observing him. And my persuasion is that he considered our position unsafe; at all events, we were presently recalled. Whether this was by his advice, or whether his voice to the contrary was overruled, I had no means of knowing; at headquarters it was understood that our recall took place in consequence of Sir John's report. Sir John remained on the right bank until 3 P. M.; we did not cross till darkness was falling, and we were not followed. . . . I spiked an American gun with my own hands, throwing the carriage into the river. We set fire to a slave village which stood on either side of the road, and withdrew under cover of the smoke.' Curiously enough, we took, on January 8th, two guns which had fallen into the hands of the Americans after the surrender at Saratoga, and brought them with us across the river."

As something in the way of set-off against the New Orleans disaster, it was decided to attempt the capture of Fort Bowyer in the throat of Mobile Bay. Early on the fourth day of the siege, after a short parley, the governor surrendered, begging, however, according to Colonel Duncan, to be permitted to defer evacuation until next day, as so many of his men were drunk. This was agreed to, but the gate of the fort was taken over by a company of British infantry, and the British flag was hoisted. The fort was evacuated on February 12, 1815, and on the 13th, the news arrived that peace had been signed at Ghent on December 24th of the preceding year. Lambert was able, with a brigade of the New Orleans troops, to reach the field of Waterloo, and take part in the great battle.





COUNTERFEITERS' OUTFIT BEING TAKEN TO NEW YORK POLICE HEADQUARTERS

## THE WAYS OF THE COUNTERFEITER

By JOHN ELBERT WILKIE, Chief of the United States Secret Service

*Photographs from the criminals' gallery of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.*

THOUSANDS of faces, literally thousands, look from the swinging frames in the gallery of the Washington headquarters of the Secret Service—good faces, bad faces, bold faces, innocent faces, ignorant faces, shrewd faces; men, women, white, black, Chinese; here a pure Teutonic type, there an unmistakable son of fair Italy; here a typical shock-headed, tangle-bearded "poor white" of the South, there a keen-eyed, respectable-looking New Englander with a chin-whisker that would appeal to a caricaturist; occasionally the face of a girl with features sharpened and eyes emboldened by hard battles with the world; perhaps the smiling face of a boy in his teens, and just beside him an older face in which one may trace the

blood-relationship and read the story of an avarice that brought ruin to father and son; faces—an army of faces nearly fifteen thousand strong—whose owners have wound in endless procession through the Federal Courts and have suffered punishment for their offenses. There are stories for these faces—stories of wasted talents, misdirected zeal; of greed and cunning; of blundering, incomprehensible stupidity; of masterful plans, Napoleonic in conception; of deals and schemes; of audacity almost sublime; of courage, nerve, treachery and blasted hopes—stories that are pitiful, sordid and commonplace, or stories that stir the blood and compel one's admiration for the genius of a brain that conceives and carries to temporary success



A NORTH CAROLINA STEEL-ENGRAVER  
WHO BECAME A COUNTERFEITER  
OF COINS



A HORSE-THIEF AND DEALER IN  
COUNTERFEIT MONEY, BY  
TRADE A WOOD-TURNER

some brilliant campaign of wrong-doing. The occasional visitor to these offices studies the faces and invariably observes: "What a pity that the talents of these clever offenders were not devoted to legitimate pursuits! Their ingenuity, resourcefulness and ability to overcome obstacles, if exercised in proper channels, would have made them wonderfully successful, and valuable members of respectable and respected society." And so it would seem to the average observer.

But consider for a moment one of the cases that excited this observation—that of Emanuel Ninger, the "Jim the Penman" of the Service records. A draftsman by trade, and a good one, his talents exerted in a legitimate way yielded him an average of fifteen dollars a week. Skilled as a copyist, he began experimenting in reproducing bank-notes on drawing-paper, using pen, ink and brush. They were wonderfully deceptive, these drawings; one could almost persuade himself that a real note had been neatly pasted on the paper. One unlucky day he carried his experiment still farther. Procuring a sheet of bond-paper that closely approximated

the government's note bond, he carefully copied the face of a twenty-dollar bill on one side, the back on the other, imitated the silk fiber with scattered strokes of red and blue ink, trimmed the picture to the proper size, "aged" it by treatment with certain oily substances, crumpled it to heighten further the deception, and lo! he had a bill that would pass muster at the hands of even a clever cashier. Less than three days of work had given him twenty dollars. The copying of a fifty- or a hundred-dollar bill was no greater task, and in a few weeks his income was averaging four hundred dollars a month. A cunning and cautious rascal was Ninger. Appreciating the danger of confederates whose indiscretions might betray him, he worked alone, making the copies in the seclusion of a little room in his New Jersey home, and exchanging the notes himself on weekly visits to New York. So marvelously deceptive were these creations that they passed the scrutiny of some of the practised eyes in banks and subtreasuries, and for years he carried on his enterprise undetected and successful. Disaster came at last, however, but not until he had acquired a

farm of considerable extent and had to his credit in his local bank an amount well up in four figures. Seven years of penal servitude was the punishment; but from the standpoint of the man who lives by his wits, his family was much better off in creature comforts than it could have been had he stuck to his trade and his fifteen dollars a week. The counterfeiter is inclined to disregard the ethics of the matter. He is a rank materialist, and his argument is that the illegitimate use of talents may bring him greater rewards than their legitimate employment, and he is willing to take the risk of detection and punishment. In a sense it is a speculation with him—he takes a gambler's chance. Sometimes luck favors him and he wins; but win as he may for a time, history continues to repeat itself, and disaster overwhelms him at last.

There is much about the Secret Service Division that the public may not know; but one of the things generally understood is that it concerns itself with protecting and preserving the integrity of the currency. To the suppression of counterfeiting it devotes much of its energy, and as the United States covers

a considerable territory, its field of operations is large. Each section of the country seems to have its own specialty in counterfeiting operations. In the East, clever criminals devote themselves largely to counterfeiting notes, with an occasional little band turning out spurious silver; in the South and middle West, imitation standard silver dollars and halves are specialties, and individual offenders practise their arts in the "raising" of genuine bills—that is, altering a one-dollar note, say, by skilful use of scratchwork, colored inks, pen and brush, to resemble generally a ten or a twenty; and incidentally it may be said that some remarkably deceptive productions have found their way into circulation. In the far West and on the Pacific coast spurious bills are rare, but gold and silver coins are imitated, and the gold coins are subjected to diminishing processes—"sweating" with acid, "rimming" in a lathe and "boring" with fine drills.

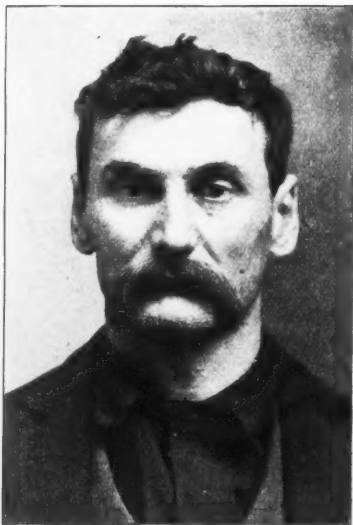
It is no part of the duty of the Secret Service to detect new counterfeiters; it has not the necessary facilities, even if it were inclined to maintain a constant and complete supervision over the



RUSSIAN DIE-SINKER WHO MADE A SPECIALTY OF COUNTERFEITING COPPER CENTS



SAN FRANCISCO MEDICAL STUDENT AND RACE-TRACK DEVOTEE WHO CASHED FORGED CHECKS FOR \$15,000



TWO PICTURES OF A BASE-METAL COINER, TAKEN WITH AN INTERVAL OF ONLY EIGHTEEN MONTHS

Photographer's retouching almost spoiled the first for identification

circulating medium. In the banks and subtreasuries of the country are thousands of pairs of keen and well-trained eyes, and upon their sharpness the government relies for the discovery of new counterfeits, or notes in any way open to suspicion. Suspected bills are forwarded to the Treasury for inspection by the experts of the Secret Service Division, and it is astonishing how queer a note may look and still be genuine. For instance, a forgotten bill that inadvertently goes to the cleaners with an old vest and gets a chemical bath acquires peculiarities that would cause a layman to reject it promptly; unintentional immersion in acids, or contact with acid fumes, produces strange effects, and suspicion attaches itself to such a bill. As it is perfectly good, it is redeemed at the Treasury and its owner is reimbursed. On the other hand, it is quite as astonishing how good a bad bill may look. A counterfeit note may be utterly lacking in correct detail when examined under a glass and at the same time the general effect may be so deceptive that it will readily pass the inspection of the unsuspecting individual.

When an expert money-teller gets

hold of such a note, even though it may be buried in a pile of bills passing through his hands at the rate of a hundred or more a minute, his practised eye, familiar with all the characteristics and detail of genuine bills, will instantly detect the spurious production, and he throws it out. If it should prove to be a new counterfeit, it is turned over to the local representative of the Secret Service, who wires a complete detailed description to the Washington headquarters and sends the specimen on by special delivery.

Descriptive circulars are at once prepared in Washington and sent to all the branch offices of the Service, and to the newspaper press associations in order that the public may be put upon its guard. Agents of the Service who receive the circular notify the banks in their respective districts, and within a short time every money-handler in the country is on the lookout for the new notes.

It is right at this point that the work of the Service begins. The note has been detected and the public warned; now to find the source of the note and secure the arrest and punishment of those who

are responsible for it. That is the problem. Sometimes the solution may be reached in a few days or weeks, and sometimes months and years may pass before the offenders are identified and brought to justice. Marcus Crehan, a Providence photo-engraver, put some excellent counterfeit one-hundred-dollar gold certificates into circulation on the 25th of May last at the Gravesend race-track; less than three weeks later he was under arrest, and exactly a month from the day he committed the offense he began to serve a fifteen-year sentence

in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta. His plates, presses, inks and tools were captured, and nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in the spurious obligations were in the hands of the custodian of contraband property in the Secret Service Division at Washington. This was an unusual case. Only one instance is recalled where results were obtained in a shorter time. That was when Harry Taylor started in, one Saturday in April, 1901, to circulate some fine twenty-dollar counterfeit

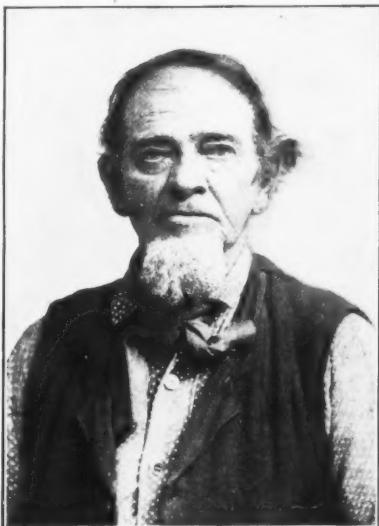
Treasury notes, the product of the skill of his brother Arthur, then an inmate of Moyamensing prison, in Philadelphia. The character of the notes was detected the following Tuesday, Harry Taylor was arrested Wednesday, and the plates were in the possession of the government the next day.

As a contrast to these instances, there was the case of the Johnson brothers, of Detroit, who were circulating a Windomhead two-dollar counterfeit, one of the most deceptive productions ever imposed on the public. They had been passing these bills for eight years or

more, getting out three different issues of the same note, with minor changes as to check-letter and plate-number, and it was not until August of 1898 that they were finally connected with this series of counterfeits and the plates recovered and confiscated.

A slight incident sometimes enables the Service to anticipate the movements of the enterprising counterfeiter. Only last October, one of the agents of the Service was making some inquiries of a foreign-money broker in New York, when a man entered the place and bought

a Hungarian twenty-krone note. He was so particular about having a clean, smooth note that the agent's suspicions were aroused, and when the foreigner left he followed. The purchaser met a companion and the two were traced to their homes. Day after day for nearly a month, these men, and others with whom they associated, were kept under surveillance. Their dealings with engraving and electrotyping establishments were noted; they were followed when bond-paper



PENNSYLVANIA FARMER WHO MADE  
AND DEALT IN COUNTERFEIT  
COINS FOR A LONG TIME  
UNSUSPECTED

was purchased, inks, presses and other paraphernalia obtained, and then, when they were about to run off a large issue of notes, their snug little quarters in the Bronx, New York city, were raided, and the principals and their complete outfit were captured before a single note had been passed.

But while the Division exists primarily to suppress counterfeiting, it has been found useful in many other directions in recent years. Others of the great administrative departments have found that the trained corps of investigators in the Treasury Department could



be utilized to advantage in many instances. The Department of Justice employs the Secret Service agents in the collection of evidence in cases of importance—violations of naturalization laws, national banking statutes, and similar cases. In the Interior Department, the gigantic frauds in connection with public lands have been probed by these skilled officers, and offenders are now being prosecuted in the far Western courts. Occasionally a smuggling case of unusual importance is referred to these specialists, mysterious disappearances of government stores or government funds are submitted for their attention, and in many ways they are able to make themselves useful in general administrative affairs.

There are two separate and distinct forces—office and field. The former, located at Washington, includes the custodian who has charge of all contraband property, the financial clerks, record-writers, stenographers, and the docket, index and Bertillon clerks. There is a daily report from every member of the field force which covers his official operations for the previous twenty-four



EXPERT LITHOGRAPHER. MAKER OF THE BEST COUNTERFEIT BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES EVER PRODUCED

hours. These are all carefully read, indexed, bound and filed. They go into exact details with reference to cases under investigation, and in many instances have all the interest of a thrilling continued story, the instalments coming in day after day from the busy operatives in the field.

There are twenty-five districts in the country, each under the immediate supervision of an operative in charge. His headquarters are in the Federal building of his city, and his name and perhaps his personality are known to the public. The number of his assistants, their names and personalities, and their location, however, are not made public. Each assistant makes a daily report to his immediate superior, who incorporates it with his own and forwards them to Washington, so that national headquarters may be advised of every move that is made and keep in close touch with developments.

There is nothing supernatural about the work of the Secret Service agent. He is simply a shrewd, worldly-wise person with an abundance of good common sense, and enough legal training to



PHOTO-ENGRAVER WHOSE FONDNESS FOR THE RACE-TRACK LED TO COUNTERFEITING TEN- AND ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR NOTES

know what evidence is; with unshakable pertinacity, inexhaustible patience and a knowledge of the tricks and subterfuges of skilful criminals. If he also possesses that so-called "sixth sense," intuition, so much the better for him and for the government. Patience with him ceases to be a virtue and becomes a necessity. And whatever measure of success is achieved by this particular branch of the Treasury Department may be credited to the enthusiasm, earnest effort, tirelessness and loyalty of the members of the field force. It is "one for all and all for one" with them, and a fine lot of fellows they are.

The Secret Service officer's "disguise" consists simply in dressing in harmony with his surroundings. Wigs are absolutely unknown, and the only whiskers in the service are those provided by a discriminating and more or less bountiful nature.

But while the agents use no "make-up" in their business, they are occasionally forced to do a little acting; and when confronted by such situations, their work has to be realistic to a degree. One such experience is recalled, where a young and enthusiastic member of the service was attempting to establish a connection between a well-known maker of spurious coins and a certain "sport" and "grafter" who made his home in one of the smaller Indiana cities. The agent rode into town on a freight-train, posing as a brakeman out of a job, lived in a cheap lodging-house, and in the course of a few days managed to make the acquaintance of the man in whom he was officially interested. Just at that time it chanced that the suspect was backing

a middleweight pugilist of local fame, and as the railway man out of a job was a husky sort of lad, it was suggested that he might pick up a few dollars by donning the gloves with the professional. "Mack," as he is known in the service, was not altogether a novice in the manly art, and when he and the pugilist got together he put up such a stiff exhibition of the science that he was induced to become the sparring-partner of the local celebrity. For a fortnight or more he "roughed it" with the aspirant for fistic honors, and when the disciple of John L.

took part in a public exhibition for a purse, the Secret Service man was in his corner assisting with all the non-chalance of a professional devotee of the ring. In the meantime, he made such excellent progress with his investigation that a few days after the battle he was able to bring about the arrest of the man, with a large number of worthless half-dollars in his possession.

The work of coiners is the source of the greatest annoyance to the service.

The process by which base-metal

coins are made is comparatively simple and the materials are inexpensive. It is therefore the commonest offense against the Federal counterfeiting statutes, and fully ninety per cent. of the annual prosecutions instituted by the Service relate to making, passing or having in possession counterfeit coin.

For those who would employ silver and whose product is expected closely to approximate the genuine in weight, "ring," quality and appearance, there will be serious difficulties to overcome. Silver cannot be successfully cast, but must be struck with a steel die. This



A GERMAN LITHOGRAPHER SERVING  
A LONG TERM FOR COUNTERFEITING  
TEN-DOLLAR SILVER-CERTIFICATES



SKILLED ITALIAN ARTISAN IN MODEL-  
ING, WHO WAS A LEADING SPIRIT  
IN MANY COUNTERFEITING  
OPERATIONS

necessitates the services of an expert die-sinker or engraver, and requires the use of a powerful press in which the coins may be struck. The financial outlay is not a small one, and the fact that several persons must be associated in such an enterprise increases the chances of possible indiscretions and detection.

The greatest obstacle to the success of an illegitimate mint is the difficulty of disposing of the product. It can be put into circulation only through passers, and when an attempt is made to get rid of any considerable amount of the coin, so many people have to be utilized that the chances of detection are multiplied.

The passers have two channels of distribution open to them: they must bank the coins, or must put them in circulation commercially—that is, must make purchases for small amounts and get their profit out of the good money received in change. It is evident that if they were to adopt the first method, they could not go on very long without arousing curiosity at the bank as to the source of so many new coins of the same date; and the second method involves

the employment of so many people as to be dangerous. These conditions, therefore, act as a natural guarantee against any wholesale distribution of counterfeit all-silver coins. And then, it may be observed incidentally that thus far it has been found impossible to engrave a die exactly like the genuine; and process-dies lack depth and definition. About eighty per cent. of all-silver counterfeits come from abroad—China and South America. Some very presentable productions are made by using Guatemalan or Mexican coins, having a market value of about one-half those of this country. The foreign coins are heated and struck with a counterfeit of our dies, the pressure practically obliterating the original design and leaving the false one in bold relief. Several hundreds of these coins reach the United States every year, but if there is any considerable quantity of them in circulation, it is not here, as they are readily detected by the expert coin-tellers at the various branches of the Treasury.

Some months ago, an effort was made to secure some definite figures on the amount of counterfeit money actually in circulation, and to this end circular letters of inquiry were sent out to all national banks. The information sought to cover the calendar year of 1903, and related to both paper and coin counterfeits. The replies were carefully tabulated and the totals were doubled in order to allow generously for banks other than the national institutions. The results indicated that for each one hundred thousand dollars of genuine paper money in circulation there was about one counterfeit dollar; and for each one hundred thousand dollars in silver coin, there were a trifle less than three counterfeit dollars. That this average is not far from the true one, has been indicated by returns from the subtreasuries showing just about this proportion in the enormous sums handled there from week to week.

If these figures are not misleading, it means that counterfeiting is on the decrease, and that the measures of suppression adopted by the Secret Service Division are not without effect.

# GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES

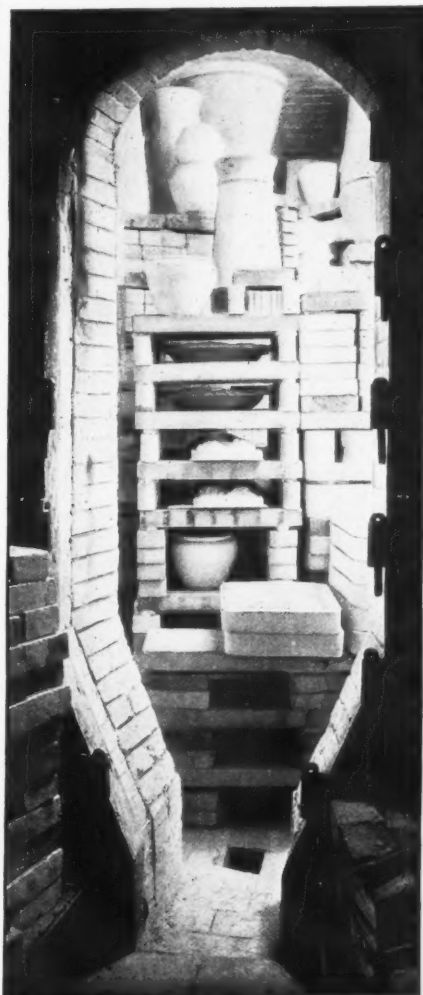
## IX.—POTTERY

By IVAN C. WATERBURY

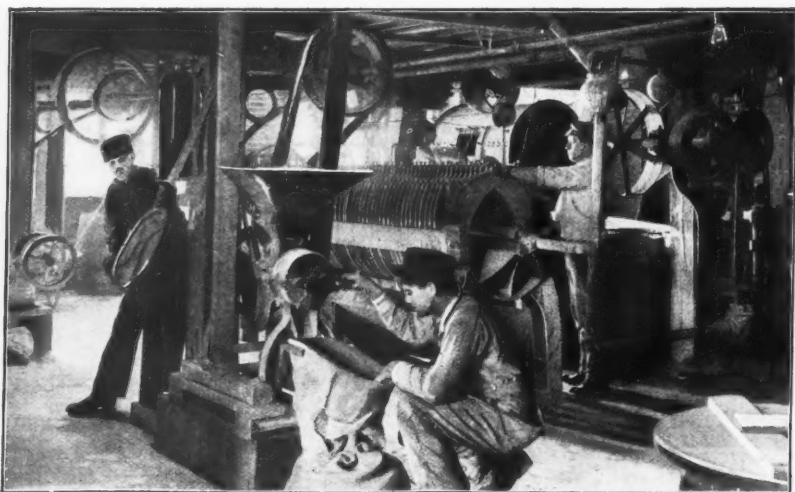
OF all groups of great American industries, clay-working is the youngest. Yet America leads the world in the production of the machinery that has revolutionized clay-working within less than a quarter-century. Pottery must always be molded and decorated by the deft hands of artists. In these respects pottery, or ceramics, is a fine art, and so can benefit less from machinery than any other clay industry. Yet even this art side of ceramics has been greatly facilitated indirectly, because the American genius for mechanical invention has both expanded and simplified its industrial side. That is, apparatus has been furnished for mining, tempering, mixing and washing the raw clay to prepare it for the molding of ware. Also appliances have been devised for drying the green ware by artificial heat, as well as more modern kilns and kiln equipments. Very few of these mechanical aids were in use in the world

twenty years ago, when the capacity of the individual plant was necessarily very small.

Pottery-making is the original clay industry, from which all other branches of clay-working have been derived. It is the oldest of the practical arts. It is the last to receive scientific instruction. Its comparative backwardness in the matter of variety and magnitude is due to the closeness with which potters have guarded their chemical secrets through the ages. At the present time, the American Ceramic Society, composed of the most distinguished ceramists in the United States, is vigorously disseminating this scientific knowledge so long withheld from clay-workers. Already, through the efforts of this organization, the Legislatures of Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Iowa have made appropriations to establish ceramic departments in the



A POTTERY-KILN, SET WITH RAW WARE, READY TO BE SEALED UP FOR BURNING



EXPRESSING THE WATER FROM THE CLAY IN A FILTER-PRESS

colleges under their jurisdiction. This educational advantage, and the constant discovery of new deposits of kaolin and other pottery-clays, promise great things in the near future for the development of the ceramic art in America.

The last census of the United States, taken five years ago, showed the number of clay manufacturing of all kinds to be 6,423. The number of pottery, terra-cotta, fire-clay factories, et cetera, taken together numbered just about 1,000.

The total value of clay products was \$95,533,866; of which \$19,798,670 represented the value of American pottery for the same year.

The pottery industry in this country is only half a century old. Longer ago than that, American pottery enterprises were only sporadic. Though the American industry is a pigmy compared with the famous one of England or Holland or France or Germany, yet its development during the

last thirty years has been phenomenal, considering the inherent difficulties and the obstacles to be overcome in this country. At one time the giving out of American clay-beds threatened the industry with extinction. However, new clay-beds were discovered, equal in quality to the old, and the energy of those engaged in the business saved the industry after its progress had been set back fully a score of years.

The present output comprises porcelain, majolica, white earthenware, red earthenware, belleek, and, among others, a few original styles of art-pottery. The commoner grades of ware are usually made at small plants scattered over the country and supported by local trade. The works producing the higher grades are often grouped around a few large transportation-centers.

By far the greater portion of American pottery is made east of the Mississippi River. This area furnishes the best markets, raw materials and manufacturing facilities. New



ROOKWOOD VASE IN "SEA-GREEN" ARRANGEMENT



Jersey leads in porcelain, sanitary ware and electrical supplies. Ohio leads in red earthenware, stoneware, white granite and semivitreous ware.

The most extensive American pottery-centers are Trenton, New Jersey, and East Liverpool, Ohio. The latter is a thriving city of twenty thousand population, situated in the eastern part of the Buckeye State and devoted almost entirely to the pottery trade. East Liverpool has twenty-one pottery firms. Of late years, the honors of leadership have been pretty evenly divided between East Liverpool and Trenton, though Trenton is the older center of the two by a dozen years. Trenton's first pottery sprang into existence in 1852. Now that city has twenty potteries.

Of course, the pottery industry in America was originally transplanted from Europe. Before 1880 all American pottery was imitative. It was patterned after English and other European styles; just as European pottery was influenced by Oriental suggestions until original types could be developed. It has taken America less time, by centuries, to develop original styles than it did any European country. **Purely American styles are steadily increasing**

in number. American earthenware equals that made in any other country.

Among the several American fine wares, the Rookwood, made at Cincinnati, has been declared artistically equal to any European creation. The decoration is done altogether by hand. Except one Japanese artist, all the decorators are American men and women, drawn mainly from the local art-academy.

It must be remembered that the art of decorating pottery is quite different from that of ordinary art-painting. The decorator has to foreknow just what changes the firing will make in the colors he uses in his designs, and paint accordingly. Accidents in the burning often produce unforeseen color-effects. All these accidents are carefully noted and analyzed, because they frequently teach



THE "IRIS" COLOR ARRANGEMENT



MAKING PLASTER MOLDS



TWO WAYS OF MOLDING POTTERY

The man on the left casting in a mold; the man on the right throwing on a potter's wheel

valuable lessons. Many of the most beautiful decorations employed are suggested by these accidental fire-marks. Rookwood colors are usually dark—brown, red and yellow—though dark pieces are often relieved with rich greens and blues. Latterly there has been developed a series in light arrangements in what are known as "iris" and "sea-green." The ware has always been characterized by a mellowness of tone and a soft brilliancy. Flowers and landscapes are often painted, and American Indian designs. Transparent glazes are used, and more recently mat glazes. The latter form a link between the transparent glazes and the enamels, or opaque glazes.

Another purely American art-ware, which has given rise to imitations on both sides of the Atlantic, is the Grueby faience, manufactured at Boston since 1896. Here steam and electrical power are used to prepare the clay for the final processes, which are carried on by hand. As in the case of Rookwood, the molding is done here on the potter's wheel. The American potter's wheel shows an improvement over the European wheel.

In Europe, even such famous works as the Sèvres porcelain-factory, in France, use a type of potter's wheel that was employed by ancient Egyptian and Greek potters. The American potter's wheel is given an uninterrupted whirl by the operation of a convenient treadle. In some factories of Trenton and East Liverpool, potter's wheels are whirled by means of electricity; but this is not a good method except for plain earthenware.

The most striking characteristics of the Grueby pottery are its dull mat glazes, in the greens, yellows, blues and grays observable in nature. Great quantities of ware similar to Grueby are made at Zanesville, Ohio. Then there is

the original Lonhuda ware, produced at Steubenville, Ohio. Still another important, unique American creation is the Teco art-pottery.

The manufacture of pottery is so much more complex than such a process as the spinning and weaving of silk, that



REMOVING THE MOLD AFTER CASTING

it does not readily lend itself to simple, popular description. To begin with the first operation, it must be explained that the raw clays are obtained from the earth by two methods, pit-quarrying and underground mining. Only pit-quarrying is necessary where the clay-bed lies near the surface of the ground. Then the clay is quarried by means of a plow and a steam-shovel. Lately, a method of hydraulic stripping has been introduced for uncovering such clay-beds. In some regions, however, the clay-deposits underlie coal-seams or other strata. Then the clay has to be

Sometimes these cars are drawn to the works up an incline by a wire rope which winds around a steam-turned drum. Very lately, overhead electric trolley-wires have been introduced for operating these tram-cars.

In connection with the clays themselves, there is much science. The ceramic engineer has to be a good geologist, chemist and physicist. No pottery can be made from one grade of clay only. It needs a mixture of four or more, and these have to be purified. Hence, there is great difficulty involved in selecting and mixing the proper clays. In each



DRYING POTTERY OVER COILS OF STEAM-PIPES

mined by sinking a shaft through the overlying strata and constructing levels leading into the clay from the shaft. Sometimes the underground clay-deposits occur in slopes or drifts, which reach the surface at the side of a valley. In such cases, the clay must be mined by digging a tunnel coincident with the direction of the slope of the deposit.

After the clay is mined or quarried, it is hauled to the factory or place of storage in various ways. The most primitive methods, where the distances are short, are by wheelbarrows and carts. For longer distances, tram-cars are used.

case the manufacturer aims to get a mixture of the proper plasticity, color-burning properties and refractoriness. Neglect of these points is liable to cause heavy loss in burning, and hence in money. An indispensable part of every up-to-date pottery-plant is a well-equipped physico-chemical laboratory, where an expert chemist must assay the materials and wares at every stage of their manufacture.

In regard to raw materials, it must be added that the number of different clays and chemicals needed for pottery makes it impossible for any one pottery-plant



DRAWING THE CONTENTS OF A KILN AFTER THE FIRST, OR BISCUIT, BURNING

to mine all its own clays. No one locality furnishes them all. Every manufacturer has to order some of his materials from distant points. Hence the mere digging and selling of pottery-clays constitute an important branch of commerce.

The raw materials for porcelain, white earthenware, graniteware, and the other higher grades of pottery are, in the main, a mixture of kaolin, ball-clay, feldspar and quartz, all rendered very fine-grained by preliminary washing and grinding. The proportions in which these are mixed, and the other chemicals added to the mixture, are trade-secrets. The clays must be of the best quality, burning to a white color at the fusing-point of about 2,350 degrees Fahrenheit. They must contain less than one per cent. of ferric oxide. The good plasticity needed is supplied by the ball-clay. The kaolins and ball-clays used in American pottery are partly of domestic production and partly imported. The imported ball-clays come from England, and vitrify at a much lower temperature than American. Stoneware is commonly made of a semirefractory clay, which burns dense without changing its form. The clay used in chemical and sanitary apparatus shows high plasticity, and commonly burns buff.

After the clays come from the mine, the first factory process is washing, or "slumming." This process of washing consists in disintegrating the clay, either in troughs by rotating knives or by slaking it in water and then exposing it to a current. Thereby the raw material is mechanically separated from extraneous matter. The finer grains of clay, on account of their lightness, are carried off to settling-tanks, while the coarse, sandy particles and pebbles fall off their weight to the bottoms of the washing-troughs or -tubs. Clays are

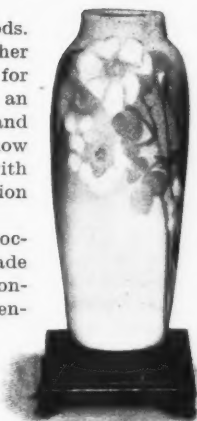


THROWING A LARGE VASE ON A POTTER'S WHEEL

washed by one of two methods. The first method is altogether too intricate and elaborate for adequate description in such an article as this. The other and more common method will now be described in connection with the manufacture and decoration of art-pottery.

A description of all the processes by which this is made will be the best way to convey a clear idea of the general principles of all up-to-date pottery manufacture.

In the first place, the mixture of raw kaolin, ball-clay, feldspar, quartz, et cetera, is washed consecutively in two blunger-machines. A blunger-machine is a round tank containing a central turning-shaft with four wooden arms. As this shaft revolves, its arms push each a square block of Iceland stone (an extra-hard flint). The tank is filled with water into which the clay is thrown. The clay is churned by the arms and crushed by the Iceland stones until it is disintegrated and separated from sand, pebbles, loam and other extraneous substances. The extraneous substances settle on the bottom of the tank. The kaolinite particles, and the tiny grains of



ROOKWOOD VASE WITH  
WILD-ROSE DESIGN

mica, feldspar and quartz, being lighter, remain suspended in the water. A steam slip-pump passes this liquid from the second blunger into the filter-press. A filter-press consists simply of a series of flat iron frames with flat canvas bags between them. These bags are connected by nipples with a supply-tube from the slip-pump. The pressure of the pump forces the water out of

the kaolin, et cetera, through the canvas. After as much water is squeezed out as possible, the filter-press is opened and the half-dry kaolin taken out in the form of thin sheets.

Of every ton of kaolin mined, only about one-fourth or two-fifths is obtained as pure, washed kaolin.

From the filter-press the clay goes to the ball-mill. This apparatus is a steel cylinder that revolves on an axis and is half filled with smooth Iceland stones of about the size and shape of goose-eggs. These stones are buried in water; then the clay mixture is thrown in. As the cylinder whirls, the action of the stones and water grinds and washes the mixture. All the while the liquid mud trickles down into a swiftly vibrated



MODELING AND FINISHING BY HAND, SHOWING HOW HANDLES, SPOUTS AND EXTERIOR ORNAMENT ARE ADDED



frame-screen, which varies in fineness from sixty to one hundred and fifty meshes to the linear inch. Thence the finished slip flows through a pipe into a receiving-tank. There it waits to be used for pottery as body or slip.

This slip is often used to cover terracotta. In such a connection it may be described as a thin coating of clay which imparts color and gloss to the terracotta. A pottery glaze is a coating of transparent, colored or colorless glass. An enamel is an opaque glaze.

In the preparation of a pottery glaze,

the glaze compound is ground in the ball-mill. Thereafter it is ready to be sprayed over the biscuitware.

In some plants the potter's wheel is little used, except occasionally by an old-time potter. It is a beautiful sight to see one of these old-time potters sit and work the treadle and turn the lump of mud in his hands into any shape his fancy dictates. Now, however, nearly all fine pottery is molded by the coulage process; that is, by casting the slip into plaster molds. These molds are made as follows:



GLAZING BY SPRAYING WITH AN AIR-BRUSH. AFTER THE WARE HAS RECEIVED THE BISCUIT-BURNING

it is necessary to use a stony chemical called a fritt. A fritt is really a silicate containing all the soluble parts of the glaze melted with flint. That is, it contains those parts of a glaze which are soluble while the fritt is in the rough, but which become insoluble after the operation known as fritting. Unlike a slip, a fritt is low in alumina ( $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3$ ), or without it.

The fritt is ground to powder in a little chilled-steel crushing-machine, called a fritt-mill. This powder is mixed with the other ingredients of the glaze, the mixture being fused in a crucible. Then

The design for the bowl of the vessel is drawn on paper by an expert draftsman and reproduced in blue-print. Then over the blue-print is laid a sheet of thin, transparent paper into which the design on the blue-print is pricked. Next, the blue-print is laid aside, and a sheet of zinc placed under the pricked paper. By following the outline pricked in the paper, the design is cut out in the zinc. This zinc design is called a templet. Each section of the mold is formed by scraping a small or large heap of wet plaster. As soon as these plaster mold-sections are dry, they are fitted together

and clamped in place with iron bands. Looking into this mold, one sees the reverse of the outside of the vessel.

Such molds are made for casting all manner of vases, jardinières, loving-cups, pitchers, bowls, lamps, candlesticks and ink-stands. Many of these vases and jars are of mammoth size; some are seven feet and a half high. The vessel is cast by pouring the slip into the mold until the same is filled to the brim. As soon as enough slip adheres to the mold to form the body of the vessel, the remaining fluid is poured out. After allowing time enough for the slip thus left clinging to the inside of the mold to dry a little, the iron bands are slipped off the mold and its sections removed from the molded vessel. For handles and other outer parts of the vessel, extra molds have to be made. Sometimes these handles; et cetera, are formed by casting slip in plaster piece-molds, and sometimes by pressing or dabbing thinly rolled pieces of soft clay into molds made in two halves. The molded halves of the handle are fastened together while still wet, and the edges at the junction pared down and trimmed with a modeling-tool. Then the finished handle is stuck on the bowl of the vessel.

Now the finished green, or raw, ware is carried to the drier. The drier is a room the floors of which are covered with coils of steam-pipe, and an open, racklike floor built over the coils. This rack receives the green ware. The steam is now turned on until evening, and the ware dries overnight. Only a few years ago, all pottery was dried in the open air for several days, at much risk and loss.

The following morning, the dried green ware is carried to the kiln for the first, or biscuit, burning.



METHOD OF THROWING ON A POTTER'S WHEEL

The pottery-kilns are of the large, round, updraft-and-downdraft type. Each kiln is about twenty feet high, with an inside diameter of about eighteen feet. Both walls and dome are double, there being between them a fire-space a foot wide. The inner wall and nether crown are built altogether of fire-proof brick.

The outer wall and upper crown are constructed of common red building-brick, with a lining of fire-proof brick. Under the rim of the kiln-floor are six coal-oil furnaces. The flames do not touch the ware. They rise between the walls and crowns and go down a central fire-shaft. Then the smoke escapes under the floor through a flue leading to a chimney-stack one hundred feet high, which carries off the smoke of six kilns.

The ware is set in the kiln with great nicety. The vessels are first placed in drum-shaped fire-clay boxes called sagers. But no piece of pottery must touch another piece or the sagger. Therefore the bottoms of the ware are protected by stilts and the sides by spurs.



A PIECE OF FINE AMERICAN POTTERY



IN THE DECORATING-ROOM

These stilts and spurs are tiny tripods made of refractory clay.

To take the temperature of the kiln, high-scaled thermometers are too expensive. Pyrometric cones are used instead. These were invented a few years ago by a German chemist. These little red or white cones are about two inches high, and each bears a number which stands for its fusing-point. For example, cone 1 fuses at 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit; cone 8, at 2,350; and so on. Several cones of different fusing-points are placed in peep-holes in the kiln-walls half-way above the furnaces and sealed up with clay. For inspection, the peep-holes are broken open from time to time. The door of the kiln is sealed up with old bricks and scoved over with clay.

After the first burning, the buff or red biscuitware is removed from the kiln, and the glaze-fluid is sprayed on with an air-brush. Then the ware is reset in the kiln for the second and final burning.

Among the most beautiful of the wares

made at Trenton is belleek. This beautiful ware has a fine glazed Parian body washed with pearly iridescent lusters. By Parian body is meant, not Parian marble, but a clay composition which, when burnt, looks much like Parian marble. Belleekware is made by the coulage or plaster-mold process. The Parian body is non-plastic and so cannot be "thrown" (molded) on the potter's wheel. Belleek did not originate in America, but it has acquired an American individuality. The Parian body was invented in 1845, at Stoke-upon-Trent, England, where experiments for belleek began some years later. An expert potter from that place introduced his knowledge in the village of Belleek, Ireland, whence the name of the ware developed at that place. The same potter came in 1883 to Trenton, New Jersey, and began the manufacture of belleekware in an American firm. The pearly lusters were added some years afterward at Trenton. They make American belleek a unique type of ware.

# MEN, WOMEN and EVENTS



## THE MAGIC OF A PIECE OF COAL

Has it ever occurred to you that the vanilla with which many a favorite dish of yours is flavored is made from coal? Will you believe that most of the dyes which have stained the fabrics of your clothes, that the naphtha and benzine which your tailor uses in removing stains, and that even the sweetest perfumes, are all of them derivatives of coal?

It was once said by a scientist, cleverer and more imaginative than most of his kind, that coal is "buried sunshine." Few definitions, no matter how painstakingly they have been framed, describe with anything like the simple, forceful directness of this, the real nature of the vast

black deposits that constitute the very life-blood of our industries.

Every one knows that coal is of vegetable origin, and that plant-life cannot exist without the sun. Some hundreds of thousands of years ago, when this earth was covered with dense forests, the sun began its work of converting the carbonic-acid gas of the atmosphere into solid carbon, and trees and plants began

to store up its energy. Year by year, the leaves, twigs and branches which had flourished under the sun's warmth and light dropped at the foot of each tree, and formed beds of peat after they had accumulated in sufficient quantities. Layer upon layer of vegetable material piled up, until the pressure



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ROBERT E. PEARY, COMMANDER U. S. N.

He will start for Alaska in July to establish a base for his eighth arctic expedition. Wireless telegraphy will afterward keep him constantly in touch with civilization—a new feature in polar explorations

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COAL AND SOME OF ITS PRODUCTS

on the underlying masses compacted them into what we now term coal. The internal heat of the earth, then much more intense than now, drove off some of the gases and made the change more complete. Something of the enormous extent of ancient coal-forming jungles may be conceived, when it is said that our present forests would produce only two or three inches of coal if they, too, were subjected to a carbonizing process.

The magicians who have wrought wonders with coal are the gas-maker and the chemist. If coal is burnt in the open air, heat is produced and nothing left but a little ash. Burn it in a closed vessel, however, and marvelous changes occur. In the first place, coal-gas is produced, which after having been collected and chemically treated is supplied to every city home. Furthermore, ammonia is obtained, important in modern agriculture, because by its means plants can be artificially supplied with the

nitrogen they need. Then again, asphalt is produced, much used in road-making, although the gas-retort is not the chief source of its supply. Lastly, a black, noisome ooze is collected which goes by the name of "coal-tar." It is this which, at the touch of the modern chemist's wand, is transformed into the most widely different substances imaginable.

Every hue of nature has been extracted from this foul-smelling coal-tar, and in addition many beautiful colors utterly unlike anything to be found in nature have been charmed out of it. To such proportions has the coal-tar industry grown that natural dyes are nowadays rarely employed. Splendid reds of all shades, delicate blues, rich greens, exquisite yellows, warm browns and dead blacks are now all obtained from coal. The dyes thus artificially made are numbered by thousands. Hardly a week passes but the discovery of a new one is chronicled by scientific journals.



The chemist has succeeded in obtaining more from coal than these rainbow hues. Had he not made his minute analysis of coal, modern surgery might not have achieved its striking successes so rapidly, for he enriched its stock of drugs with carbolic acid, a most valuable antiseptic. If the chemist has discovered in carbolic acid a substance which has often enough saved a human life, he has also found that coal contains the means of destroying life. Certain ingredients of coal-tar constitute the base of some of the most powerful explosives ever invented—so powerful, indeed, that compared with them common gunpowder seems well-nigh harmless. The terrible Shimose explosive, which is used with such deadly effect by the Japanese in the present war, contains among its important active ingredients certain compounds derived from coal-tar.

The wonders of coal do not cease here. A way has been devised of extracting from it many of the rapid developers so widely used by photographers. Besides these, there have also been discovered the perfumes to which reference has been already made—perfumes just as fragrant as the natural odors of flowers, from which, indeed, they cannot be distinguished by smell. The host of artificial flavors which has been mentioned has completely displaced natural products. True fruit-flavors are rarely employed nowadays, wittingly or unwittingly. Their place is taken by coal-tar derivatives which are exactly the same in taste and chemical composition. Among the more remarkable of these is saccharin, sweeter than sugar several hundred times and quite indispensable in the treatment of certain diseases that are caused by an excess of sugar in the system.

The coal-bin in the cellar, then, contains not simply fuel, but other things that are indispensable in daily life. Consciously, we burn it as a fuel; unconsciously, we eat it with our highly flavored ices and pastries, paint our pictures with it, employ it in dyeing our fabrics, in healing our sick and killing our enemies. A piece of coal is, therefore, more than "buried sunshine."

It is a palette of gorgeous colors, a medicine-chest of potent drugs, a whole arsenal of terrible explosives, a vial of delicious flavors and a garden of perfumes—the most protean, variegated substance in the world.

WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFERT

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ROUVIER, ONE OF  
FRANCE'S STRONG MEN

It is as characteristic of the French as it is of our own republic that those who rise to the highest places in the govern-



MAURICE ROUVIER

ment more often than not are self-made, schooled in the hard university of the workaday world, broadened and matured by their partnership in the trials and struggles of the common people. M. Maurice Rouvier, who on January 21st became the French premier, in succession to M. Emile Combes, began life as drummer for a bookseller. Subsequently he engaged in the Russian grain-trade, and finally, having acquired some wealth, turned his attention to politics.

Although less known in America than some of the members of his Cabinet—notably M. Delcassé, the minister of foreign affairs—M. Rouvier is one of the three, or at most four, men in France who tower politically above all their



JULIA MARLOWE

She has won her fame in the United States by starring in Shakespearian and other tragic and romantic rôles



J. FORBES-ROBERTSON

He has scored great success in Shakespearian parts in England. Is now touring the United States

compatriots. As finance minister, a portfolio which he has held in no fewer than six cabinets, M. Rouvier's pre-eminence has long been recognized at home, though by the nature of the office he has been less heard of abroad.

While the policy of the late Combes ministry in regard to the clergy in France undoubtedly will be continued by the new government, it is probable that the measure which will be introduced looking to a separation of state and church will be of a less radical nature than would have been the case had M. Combes continued in power. On the other hand,

the Rouvier ministry will push with greater energy the income-tax bill, of which the premier himself is the author.

The new premier was born at Aix, in 1842, and became known early as an opponent of the empire. He was elected a member of the National Assembly in 1871, and in 1881 was appointed minister of commerce in the Gambetta Cabinet, retaining the same portfolio under Premier Ferry in 1885. In 1887, he became premier, and though his government lasted only six months, it was notable for M. Rouvier's bold removal from the ministry of war of General



PNEUMOSLITO, OR AEROPINION, ON RUNNERS AND ON WHEELS

A novel vehicle designed especially for transit upon the ice. The gasoline motor, driving screw-propellers at high speed through the air, provides the means of locomotion

Boulanger, then at the height of his popularity.

Much of M. Rouvier's success as a statesman he has ascribed to the influence of his first wife, an extraordinary and brilliant woman who first became noted as the talented correspondent at Paris of the "Independence Belge," of Brussels. She was also a successful

band. After becoming the wife of M. Rouvier, on the death of her first husband some years later, she at once took a leading position in Paris society. So brilliant was her genius that even great churchmen, including the papal nuncio, frequently dined with her when her husband was minister of Finance.

FREDERIC WILLIAMS



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EX-KING BEHENZIN OF DAHOMEY, AND HIS TWO WIVES

Having no further use for his crown and royal mantle, which he is wearing in the picture, Behenzin, who is being held by the French as a government prisoner in Martinique, has announced that he will send them to the Colonial Section of the Liège Exposition.

sculptress. This marriage was the one romance of M. Rouvier's life. Mme. Rouvier had, at the age of fifteen, married the celebrated Abbé Constant, one of the most eloquent priests of the day, who, of course, had promptly been excommunicated by the church. She subsequently departed from her hus-

DIARY OF A COQUETTE  
AT A WINTER-RESORT

Monday.—I have been looking into my heart to-day, and find that it is really more cruel than I had dreamed of. After all, it is not admiration that I long for so much as the power to make men suffer. A new man came to-day. He looks extremely interesting.

Tuesday.—I was in hope that the new man would turn out to be fair game, but he seems to be only a great, hulking, uninteresting chap, with not much to him. However, I might as well fasten him to my belt.

Wednesday.—The new man went out to walk with me this morning. How mad all the others were! I put myself out to be nice to him, and I think he liked it—though he didn't say much. He's a queer chap, and I can't make him out. I caught him looking at me out of the corner of his eye once or twice and could see that I was beginning to get a slight hold.

Thursday.—I let the new man talk to me alone on the beach for an hour. One has to do that sort of thing at first to lead them on. By and by, when I get him where I want him, I won't be so easy.

Friday.—The new man's name is Jack. He's getting very devoted. I rather like him, but I am holding myself pretty well together. Somehow he seems hard to get at. I know he is falling in love with me, and yet he seems to be able to control himself. Too bad. But I'll bring him around.

Saturday.—A great day. Jack talked to me all the morning at the casino. It was really fine. Don't know when I have been so happy. Do I love him? I sometimes ask myself the question. But does he love me? after all, seems more important. I certainly believe he does, for to-day his face had the anxious, perturbed look of a man who is tied right up in love's sweet spell. Well, things can't go on this way. He must propose soon.

Sunday.—Jack was very preoccupied to-day. He did not seem himself. I saw him reading a letter, and when I asked him what the matter was, he said that business might call him away at any time. This made me wake up to the fact of just how much I love him. To think I should lose myself! Well, I cannot help it. I love him adoringly, passionately. Oh, how I suffer when he is away from me! The thought of parting maddens me.

Monday.—Shall I ever get over this awful shock? To-day, on the first train, in the most unexpected manner, Jack's wife came. I shall stay in bed three days at least, till it blows over.

TOM MASSON



EXPLODING A SUBMARINE MINE, OF THE SORT WHICH DESTROYED RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE WAR-SHIPS OFF PORT ARTHUR

